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HEATH'S

BOOK OF BEAUTY.

1839.

WITH

BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

FROM

DRAWINGS BY THE FIRST ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER ROW;

DELLOY AND CO. PLACE DE LA BOURSE, PARIS.

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The Duchess of Sutherland.

THE

BOOK OF BEAUTY.

LINES ON

THE PORTRAIT

OF

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

A MOTHER'S love! — What thought to buoyant youth,
What chastening gravity to mirth it lendeth!
What angel charity, what seraph truth,
With Woman's charms of lip and eye it blendeth!

Ay, much it glads my heart to gaze on thee;
Nor sin, nor sorrow, mar the melancholy
Which in those eyes, like brooding doves, I see,
Telling of cares most tender and most holy.

Such only harbour in a mother's heart,—
That shrine where Hope, the vestal, never sleepeth;
Nor selfish Joy might play his noisy part,
But Prayer her voiceless vigils ever keepeth!

No marvel, lady, on thy beauteous cheek
So bright so delicate a bloom reposes,
Whose mantling blushes eloquently speak
That but from Howard soil could spring such roses.

Unspoiled by all that tempts the thoughts astray,
Rare loveliness, high birth, and wealth unbounded—
Meek, kind, and noble—dignified though gay,
Simple, by luxury's glittering toys surrounded.

Thou joy and sunshine of a happy home!
Favourite of Nature, every gift possessing!
Who can within thy gentle influence come,
Without desiring thee each earthly blessing?

A FABLE.

BY LORD ABINGER.

" Nel tempo ch' era nuovo il Mondo ancora
E che inesperta era la gente prima
E non eran l'astuzie che son' ora,
A piè d'un'alto monte la cui cima
Parea toccasse il Cielo, un popol quale
Non so mostrar, vivea nella vall'ima;
Che più volte osservando l' ineguale
Luna, or con corna, or senza, or piena, or scema
Girar'il Cielo al corso naturale,
E credendo poter dalla suprema
Parte dell monte giungervi e vederla
Come si accresca e com'in se si prema:
Chi con canestro e chi con sacco per la
Montagna cominciar correr' in su
Ingordi tutti a gara di tenerla;
Vedendo poi non esser giunti più
Vicini a lei; cadeano a terra lassi,
Bramando in van d'esser rimasi giù,
Quei ch' alti gli vedean da' poggi bassi,
Credendo che toccassero la luna,
Dietro venian con frettolosi passi."

ARIOSTO — *Sat. Quar.*

AT the base of an extensive chain of mountains, whose summits touched the skies, once dwelt a pèople celebrated for wisdom, piety, and valour. Time, which destroys all things, has obliterated their original name.

Divided from the rest of mankind, on the one side by inaccessible mountains, and on all other sides by the ocean, it was upon that element only that they held any commerce with other nations. Their geographical position, fortified by naval defences, secured them from foreign invasion. Whilst other countries were ravaged by hostile armies, and by famine and pestilence, which follow in their track, this happy people read of the calamities of war only in their gazettes. The song of triumph was often sung at their festivals, but the shout of victory was never heard in their fields. In these were seen only the traces of agriculture and abundance, whilst their cities resounded with the busy hum of industry, or the cheerful tones of amusement.

Their institutions, founded in great antiquity, had been prudently accommodated to the change of circumstances, and improved gradually by time, and a constant attention to preserve their true spirit and practical advantages. They were always mending, but never reforming. In the true spirit of patriotism, they loved their laws and institutions not only for their intrinsic value, but because they had inherited them from their fathers, had been imbued with them from their infancy, and found them moulded up with, and grafted into, their language, their manners, and their habits. Ideal forms of government they treated as the amusement of conversation, not as the practical business of life. They considered them as the statesmen of Rome considered the various systems of philosophy taught by the Greeks, worthy of being studied "*disputandi*

causâ, non ita vivendi."* They acknowledged nothing abstract, either in virtue, or liberty, or law. Habit, practice, and experience, they looked upon as the true sources of attachment, and the surest foundations of knowledge.

They were not less remarkable for devotion to their religion. Before revelation had shed its light amongst men, the constellations of the heavens were the most natural objects of wonder and veneration. This people worshipped the sun and the moon. To the first they ascribed the powers of life and fertility. To his influence they acknowledged their obligations for the blessings of corn, and wine, and oil, and all the fruits of the earth by which man is nourished, and all the flowers of the fields by which his senses are delighted. Their hearts swelled with gratitude, and their lips sounded with praise, when they bent towards his rising orb as the author of these inestimable gifts. But when, ascended above the horizon, he darted his beams through the misty clouds of morning, and melted them from before him, they found his face too bright to be looked at; they averted their eyes from a radiance they could no longer endure, and sought refuge in the temples dedicated to his worship, where they adored, in silent awe, the surpassing splendour of his meridian glory. A sense of unbounded power was mingled with their devotion: they felt conscious of an

* See, in the oration of Cicero, for Murena, the remarks upon the philosophy of M. Cato, perhaps the most brilliant example any where to be found of polished ridicule and refined sarcasm.

influence that could destroy as well as preserve; and they were filled with reverence and fear when they sought to propitiate a god at once incomprehensible and unapproachable.

Not with less reverence, but with less fear, they worshipped the moon. In her they contemplated chiefly the attribute of benevolence, which spread a mild lustre over her countenance, and adorned it with ineffable grace. As she rose from behind their lofty mountains, she became a signal for the cessation of labour and the approach of pleasure. Those nights of the month, when she shone in her fullest beauty, were dedicated to social amusement, mixed with religious rites. Songs of praise and the harmony of musical instruments expressed and elevated their gratitude. The wide expanse of heavens formed the temple of the goddess, illuminated only by the chaste and silvery flood of light which she poured upon her votaries. These nights were passed in processions, in festivity, in dancing. Devotion was mingled with their amusement, and piety was a portion of their joy.

They had a religious establishment which enjoined these rites, and cultivated these feelings. The rules of morality were inculcated by their preachers, and corroborated by the sanctions of religion; and the habits of the youth were formed to a love of peace, order, and virtue.

But neither the power nor the happiness of a nation can endure for ever. After many ages of unexampled prosperity—the admiration and envy of the world—the harmony of this people began to be dis-

turbed by a sect of dissenters from the worship of the sun. At the first, these were but few in number, and had only declared a preference for the moon as the purest object of adoration. The unmixed delight which she gave, the habitual pleasure and gaiety that accompanied her periodical splendour, were the first allurements of these her votaries towards their new heresy. At length, by the incessant practice of extolling her superior claims, and directing their devotions to her, the religious admiration and fervour which she excited began to be extravagant and exclusive. Her beauty, her charms, her power, her virtues, were their constant themes of celebration and praise, till, like the Blessed Virgin amongst the Papists, she began to rob the true deity of his worship, and her partisans ventured openly to deny the divinity of the sun. Whilst their numbers were inconsiderable, they gave no alarm to the government or the church, and were allowed to preach their new doctrine without molestation or controversy. But as this doctrine was founded on the mixture of pleasure with devotion, and appealed for its truth to the senses, it possessed a charm for the multitude which engrossed their passions and inflamed their zeal. The proselytes increased, and their numbers encouraged the boldness of the preachers. It was in vain that the regular clergy endeavoured to call the people back from their frenzy by appealing to the past, by reminding them of the blessings they had enjoyed for so many years under the united worship of the sun and the moon; by admonishing them that the theories of their new instructors, however specious, were not founded on experience nor

capable of proof. The arguments of the church served but to kindle new zeal in her opponents. They treated her defenders as actuated by a sense of personal interest, or as governed by antiquated prejudices; they ridiculed experience as the test of reasoning; and treated the wisdom of past ages as a mere topic to delude the present, to throw a mist of prejudice over the eye of reason, and to fetter the freedom of inquiry. They resented the aid which the government afforded to the national worship as an unjust interference with the rights of man; and they denounced as intolerance the support of one form of worship and the encouragement of one system of religious opinions. They published pamphlets, without number, to prove that all mildness, charity, and benevolence, flowed from the moon; that the sun was rather an object of terror; that his influence was malignant; that his burning rays would dry up and consume the earth, but for the kindly rain and refreshing dews, which they ascribed to the labours of the moon. They taught that between these two luminaries there was a constant struggle, in which the moon prevailed; that she was engaged, during her recess, in throwing darkness over the night, to counteract the effect of the excessive light with which he dazzled the eyes of men in the day; that when she appeared in the firmament with him, it was to mitigate the fervour of his rays; and when she beamed in her soft glories—the sovereign of the night—it was to give to the world a foretaste of the undying rapture which would attend her sole dominion. From these premises they deduced, by plain reasoning, that the safety, as

well as the happiness of men, depended on the moon; and a corresponding duty on their part to worship her alone, and by sacrifice and prayer to propitiate her and encourage her to shine the brighter and the longer for their benefit. They gained many proselytes by their reasoning, but more by their eloquence in preaching. This they practised, chiefly during the full of the moon, to vast congregations assembled under the canopy of the heavens, made resplendent by the orb which the preachers invoked, to which the eyes of all the audience were turned, and from which they imbibed at once an impression of the truth and of the delight of their religion. Then the preachers triumphantly declaimed against the bigotry of the Sunnites, who persevered in their infatuated worship even at the very moment when they were driven by the fury of their god to hide their faces from his view in temples and in caverns, where his scorching beams could not penetrate. Lastly, they denounced the government, in unmeasured language, for giving countenance to the established worship, and for allowing any worship whatever to be established. So great was the enthusiasm excited by these means, and so vast the multitude which shared it, that, for three or four nights in every month, the authorities of the state were in danger; and it became a question whether a sudden and immense revolution would not be effected by the popular fury. When the leaders of the new sect had advanced thus far, they thought it better to aim at the power they sought by more constitutional means. They gradually established their influence in the primary

assemblies of the people; and finally obtained a small majority in the grand council of the nation. When they had accomplished this, they no longer disguised their intention of destroying all religions and all literature, but their own. They prohibited, by law, any worship but that of the moon; they destroyed the temples erected to the sun, and made it penal to offer any homage to him, or to profess any respect for him. Those who still adhered to the ancient religion, could no longer testify their creed by their conduct: the greater part were obliged to conform to the established discipline; some were banished by public authority; and others sought freedom in voluntary exile, and became the founders of religion in other countries, where they taught the worship of the sun.

No sooner had the followers of the moon thus gained the power of the state, than they in their turn were disturbed by a new sect, which improved upon their doctrines. This new sect was founded upon the admitted basis of the first,—that all true felicity was derived from the moon. But they deduced from this, as a necessary consequence, that it was the duty and the interest of all true believers to come as near to the moon as possible, and to dwell in her perpetual light. They pointed out that, notwithstanding the happy change which had recently taken place in the banishment of a false worship and the establishment of exclusive power in the true believers, yet the moon had neither shone more brightly, nor increased the number of nights in the month when she blazed in the fulness of her majesty; that the nation was in no

respect happier, nor wiser, nor richer, than before: on the contrary, they had lost certain temporal advantages in the absence of many wealthy citizens, who, preferring exile to the abandonment of the worship of their ancestors, had transferred themselves and their substance to foreign countries. It was manifest, therefore, that something yet remained to be done for the attainment of true happiness, and to carry out the principles of the late revolution. They shewed to the people that when the moon rose from behind the mountain, she always touched it; that when she was at the full, she rested for several moments upon the summit before she ascended into the heavens; and that, during such time, her orb was dilated with apparent satisfaction, if not with reluctance to quit the mountain. From these signs, and from the principles already established, they deduced, as a natural consequence, the duty of the people to sacrifice every other pursuit in life to the grand object of approaching and touching the moon. It was true that the mountain, beyond a certain height, had been deemed inaccessible, but nothing could resist enthusiasm aided by the divine influence; that when the whole nation should arrive at the summit of the mountain, the moon might very possibly resolve to remain there, and dwell with them for ever: but, at all events, those who desired it would enjoy the inestimable privilege of touching her, and be gainers of immortal life and felicity, whether they became absorbed into her substance, or were allowed, retaining their present forms, to accompany her eternal course in the paradise of her beams.

It is incredible with what rapidity this new sect gained credit with the people. Their old attachments once broken, they yielded the more readily to the last novelty. The acknowledged disappointment of their late hope combined, with the desire of consistency, to make them adopt the new theory. The leaders of the late revolution, in order to retain their power, were compelled to place themselves at the head of the new movement, and to increase the impetuosity with which the popular tide overwhelmed all judgment and prudence. The resolution, suggested by the new preachers, was at length adopted, after much debate and various expedients of delay. By a solemn convention and decree, the whole nation was bound to desert their dwellings and their occupations, and to assemble at the foot of the mountain at a period appointed for the purpose, being the night before the full of the moon: thence they were to proceed, in a mass, to ascend by all practicable means.

An inconceivable multitude—some furnished with musical instruments, some with scaling-ladders, some with sacks and baskets of provisions—assembled accordingly, and began their march. Many, worn out and exhausted by the labour, died in their progress; many perished by falling between the clefts of the mountain; many, disappointed and disgusted, would have turned back, but were pushed forward by the multitude moving from below. Repentance came too late to save them. Their footsteps could not be retraced: they were borne upwards, till in their turn they ceased to exist. Thus this great and famous

nation perished by its own frenzy. The small number which, by incredible exertion and fanaticism, reached the summit of the mountain, were mortified and disgusted beyond expression to find that they were no nearer to the moon than before. They cast themselves down, and wept in despair. Those who recovered wandered away from each other, and became dispersed amongst the nations of the earth, without the name which distinguished them as a people. They appeared to have lost their powers of reason and of just perception; and gave birth to a tradition which long prevailed—that the wits of man, when lost, were to be found in the moon. The remnant of this people, scattered over the face of the earth, is still known by an appellation connected with their fate. Their number is inconsiderable, in comparison with the mass of any nation amongst whom they dwell. But it has, of late, been much on the increase; and there is reason to fear, that if they should become the majority, they would exercise the power and the right, which a majority is admitted to have, of locking up the minority in bedlams and lunatic asylums: for it is one of their most inveterate maxims,—that reason resides with the multitude, and that the majority can never do wrong.

ODE

TO A LEAFLESS TREE IN JUNE.

BY SIR LYTTON BULWER, BART.

DESOLATE tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year
Unto the herd;
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird.

And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay;
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,
Around thee gleam;
Feaster and darling of the gilded things
That dwell i' the beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped;
How lonely now!
How bird and bee, light parasites, have fled
The leafless bough!

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

"Never," replied that forest-hermit, lone,
(Old truth and endless!)
"Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
Are we left friendless.

"Yet wholly nor for winter, nor for storm,
Doth love depart:
We are not all forsaken, till the worm
Creeps to the *heart!*

"Ah, nought without—within thee, if decay—
Can heal or hurt thee!
Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
Who may desert thee!"

1838.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE LADY MAHON.

BY B. DISRAELI, ESQ. M.P.

Fair la[illegible] the[illegible] pencil of Vandyke
Might well have painted, thine the English
Graceful yet earnest, that his portraits bear
In that far troubled time, when sword and pike
Gleamed round the ancient halls and castles fair
That shrouded Albion's beauty: though, when need
They too, though soft withal, could boldly dare,
Defend the leaguered breach, or charging steed
Mount in their trampled parks. Far different scene
The bowers present before thee; yet serene
Though now our days, if coming time impart
Our ancient troubles, well I ween thy life
Would not reproach thy lot, and what thou art;
A warrior's daughter, and a statesman's wife!

The Viscountess Melbourne

ROSAMOND CLIFFORD.

A TALE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

" He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."
ST. JOHN.

IT was the evening of the day on which Henry the Second had returned to London from France, where he had successfully opposed the attempt of his brother Geoffrey on Anjou and Maine, during the spring of 1158. The king was received by his subjects with every demonstration of joy, respect, and attachment. The illumined streets were yet crowded with people, and the halls of his palace with the nobility and gentry assembled to greet his arrival. Music and the dance, wassail and revelry, were still in their full tide when Henry retired to his private apartment; and, seated by his queen, with the young princes, Henry and Richard, on either knee, he opened his heart to the full enjoyment of that domestic happiness, which he was destined always to yearn for, and never to attain.

His marriage was an anomaly in, and a stain upon, the character of Henry: ambition was the sin that caused it. Seven of the finest provinces of France

were the dowry of the divorced wife of Louis the Seventh; and Henry was easily persuaded that her divorce had been the result of groundless suspicion, and the machinations of her enemies; he knew her to be ten years older than himself, but she was still in the prime of her beauty; he had heard rumours of the violence of her temper, but he would only recognise the power and spirit of a highly gifted mind. Her seven provinces, and the two he possessed in right of his father, together with Brittany, would put him in possession of more than a third of the whole kingdom of France; and the crown of England, was it not ready to fall upon his brow? He was dazzled by the magnificent prospect opened to his view; ambition, for the moment, swallowed up every other thought and feeling, and silenced the still small voice of warning from within; so eagerly and heedlessly did he catch at the brilliant deception, that, in six weeks from her divorce, the disgraced Eleanor of Guienne became the wife of Henry, and almost immediately afterwards ascended with him the throne of England. He discovered too late the value of all that he had sacrificed.

The king, as we have said, was in the queen's apartments, seated by her with his two young sons, at that time his only children, on his knees. The boys, instead of returning the caresses of their father, were struggling to throw each other down; Richard, though the youngest, was the strongest and boldest, and, taking advantage of his father releasing for an instant his hold on his brother, pushed him off his

knee, and the boy fell heavily and suddenly on the floor; the mother, in lieu of assisting the fallen and crying child—her natural part—patted the head of the younger boy, laughingly telling him that he was a stout fellow.

"For shame, sir!" said his father, placing him on the ground; "help up your fallen brother, and beg him to pardon you. Eleanor, I am surprised: these children must not be brought up in this way!" The queen tossed her head and smiled contemptuously, but was prevented replying by the screaming of both the children, who were removed as quickly as possible.

A cloud rested on the brow of the father, but it was soon dispelled by the smiles and caresses of his wife, who had several objects she wished to attain.

"Will you not promise me, dear Henry, that the tower of Sir Hugh Mortimer, at Woodstock, shall not be included among those you have ordered to be razed? he has just built it at so much expense, has taken such pains with it, and devoted it to your service."

"I cannot, Eleanor, in justice to others, spare the tower, however well convinced I may be of Sir Hugh's loyalty. These fastnesses serve but to increase the feuds of the barons among themselves, as well as their pride and insolence towards the throne, and have been even known to become the resort of banditti with the connivance of their owners: no, I fear the tower must come down."

"You will, at least, grant him remuneration?"

"I promise to think about the matter, and will meet your wishes if I can."

Several other suits were made successfully by the queen.

"And now, I believe," she exclaimed, after a pause, "I have come to the end of my list. Oh, no, no!" she continued, as if suddenly recollecting herself; "I have omitted the chiefest matter of all, but which I know I shall have no difficulty about."

"Well, speak, Eleanor," replied her husband, smiling, "for it is high time we were at rest."

"You will grant me, will you not, my dear lord, the disposal of the hand of Rosamond Clifford?"

"What! old Clifford's heiress? How time runs by! Can she be old enough yet to be married?"

"She is nearly seventeen."

"And for whom do you propose her?"

"For Sir Reginald A'Becket, the nephew of the chancellor."

The king looked pleased.

"No difficulty about that, as you surmised, Eleanor. But stay; the young people, how are they inclined towards each other?"

"Reginald is well satisfied; for, besides her rank and fortune, Rosamond is *rather* a pretty girl; but she herself as yet knows nothing of my intentions in her favour, nor do I think it necessary to consult her or her father: my commands must needs be sufficient, and will, no doubt, agreeably surprise them."

Among other papers, on the following morning, the king signed his approval of this marriage; it was

forwarded to the Lord Clifford by the queen, with a note in her own hand-writing, desiring his attendance and that of his daughter at court, for the celebration of the nuptials.

A few days afterwards the king was hunting in Windsor forest. At that time Windsor did not boast its castle, but its fine forest and beautiful scenery rendering it attractive, several nobles resided in its neighbourhood; among them the Lord Clifford.

As soon as it was known that the king was hunting, most of the nobles prepared to join him, and to request his stay at their castles or towers during the following night. Among the foremost of these was a slight, pale, grave, young man, personally unknown to the king, attended by a numerous retinue; he was introduced as Sir Edward Clifford, nephew of the old lord, and came, commissioned by his uncle, who was too infirm to move out, to present his homage to the king, and to pray that he would honour his castle by partaking of some refreshment there, or by passing the night within its walls. After a few minutes' consideration, Henry accepted the latter offer, expressing his intention of being at the castle at nightfall, of supping and sleeping there, and of departing early on the following morning. He was induced to shew this preference partly by his respect for the old lord, and partly on account of the marriage in progress.

On the departure of Sir Edward, the king made some inquiries concerning him from Sir Hugh Mortimer, the owner of the tower at Woodstock, who chanced to be nearest to him.

"I have met him, sire, here at the old lord's; a melancholy youth, always poring over chronicles; and smitten, moreover, with love of the fair Rosamond."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king, "and the fair Rosamond ——"

"Is smitten with nothing but herself, I believe," observed Sir Hugh, pointingly; "she deigns not a glance or a smile more than courtesy warrants to any of her adorers: such beauty enshrined in so much gold, she appears to think, ought to be unapproachable, knelt to, and worshipped at a distance."

The good-natured monarch smiled at the young man's evident pique.

"But, has she really beauty?" he inquired; "or is it her gold that dazzles the eyes of all those adorers you speak of?"

"No, sire, no!" replied Sir Hugh, with emphasis; "Rosamond Clifford is beautiful—very, very beautiful—but your grace will have an opportunity of judging this night."

It was nearly dark when, after a successful chase, the king and a few of his nobles and followers arrived at the castle of Lord Clifford. At the principal entrance, a few paces after passing the drawbridge, stood the old baron, uncovered, his white hairs gently raised by the evening breeze; he rested heavily, from age and weakness, on the staff that supported him; but his mild, and yet clear eyes, were turned upwards with an expression of loyal enthusiasm and delight at the honour thus conferred upon him. The king

would not allow the old man to kneel; and, with many kind expressions, assisted to support him back to his hall. The outer courts were lined with the warlike vassals and retainers of the Cliffords, who knelt and grounded their arms as their sovereign passed. On reaching the hall, it was found splendidly prepared for the approaching banquet; the greenest rushes, fresh and soft, strewed the floor; on the dais, beneath a canopy, stood a chair of state, with a small table in front, covered with platters and goblets of gold and silver; and down the whole length of the hall, running parallel with each other, were two long tables, furnished well and handsomely with the apparatus usual at that period for the expected meal; immense tapers stood on each table ready to light; and a line of gaily dressed youths were waiting on either side with huge flambeaux for the same purpose. In the musicians' gallery were placed a variety of instruments; it was garlanded with flowers, and the hall was rich with the odours of the dewy wreaths entwined, doubtlessly by female hands, over the weighty swords and battleaxes suspended from the walls, and encircling, as coronals, the staffs of the projecting banners: over the whole, at that moment, was shed the magical tint of a yet glowing twilight, mingling with the pale lustre of the rising moon, athwart the gorgeous scarlet, green, and purple colouring of the painted windows of the hall.

King Henry cast his eyes inquiringly round, but among the females dressed in their gala suits, grouped about the hall, it was easy to perceive the lady of

the castle was not; and, as she ought to have met the king with her damsels at the entrance of the last court, Henry became fearful that she was absent from home.

"We miss your fair daughter, my lord."

"Alas, sire! it is not as the lady of my castle my daughter can just now receive your grace; she is plunged in affliction, and, as a suppliant only, can Rosamond Clifford presume to appear in the presence of her sovereign. Please you, sire, this way."

The king was conducted to a chamber adjoining his sleeping-apartment, where a table was laid with slight refreshments, of which his host begged him to partake before changing his dress; but instead of replying, the king, turning to those who had entered with him, requested them to retire for a few minutes. When they had done so, Henry addressed his host: "I will touch nothing within your walls, Lord Clifford, until I know, and, as far as may lie in my power, have granted, the boon your daughter seeks. Go, lead her hither, my lord! the lady of this hospitable castle, the only child of the venerable and loyal Clifford, must not remain a moment in any affliction her sovereign can remove."

The old lord bowed profoundly, but his heart was too full to reply. In a few minutes he returned, leading in his daughter. She was arrayed as a suppliant, in a sad-coloured robe, without ornaments, and was concealed by a long black veil. The king advanced to meet her; she lifted her veil, and fell at his feet. Prepared as he was for her beauty, he

could not help an expression of surprise and admiration: agitation had brought the "eloquent blood" to her cheek, and a tearful brilliancy to her eye. It was with difficulty she got out the usual words, "A boon, my gracious lord!"

"Who could refuse a boon to thee?" exclaimed the gallant monarch as he raised her, and kissed her cheek. "My Lord of Clifford, we hold it not good to present us with a suppliant whom, right or wrong, none can have power to deny. Speak, *rose of the world!* what wouldst thou? not, we trust, the half of our kingdom."

"Alas, my liege! the boon I crave is humble, although to me inestimable. Our lady, the queen, graciously solicitous for my safety and happiness, has deigned, with your approval, sire, to provide for my marriage; and we have received her grace's mandate to proceed without delay to court, where my hand will be bestowed on Sir Reginald A'Becket, the nephew of your grace's chancellor. I entreat you, my liege, not to believe that I am ungrateful, or swayed by caprice, or pride, or any other unbecoming motive, when I presume to implore that this marriage may not be."

"We readily believe," replied the monarch, gravely, "that the Lady Rosamond is not ungrateful, nor swayed by caprice, or pride, or any other unbecoming motive, in preferring this request; yet may we scarcely grant it, unless some sufficient reason be given."

"My lord," continued Rosamond, after a struggle and a pause, "I venture to offer *two* reasons, and I

earnestly hope they will be deemed sufficient. I have an invincible repugnance to become the wife of one who is almost a stranger to me; to enter into a compact of affection where none exists; to vow duty and obedience until death, without being assured whether he be worthy, or I be capable, of the fulfilment of such a vow. I have merely *seen* this gentleman, and I trust I do not offend by saying that the impression was most unfavourable. The second reason, my liege, is, that I am quite, quite happy, as I now am; that my father is very old and infirm in health, and I would not willingly withdraw the staff, the support, the comfort of his last days: for such, as his only child, I am, or ought to be."

The king looked at her intently as she spoke; her varying complexion, her trembling lip, her girl-like timidity struggling with the resolution evidently formed of making the most decided effort she was capable of at this crisis of her fate, all keenly interested him.

"Two excellent reasons," he replied, smiling; "but when was a woman ever at fault on an occasion like this? Two excellent reasons: you do not like the gentleman proposed, and you do not wish to leave your father. I approve of both, and place most implicit confidence in their truth; but there is another you have not told, which is at least as strong as either of the two you have advanced."

"My liege!" exclaimed Rosamond.

"Just so," continued the king; "a pretty accent of surprise, and a look of perfect innocence! You

have forgotten to mention whom you *do* prefer as a husband, whom you *do* think you could manage to marry without detriment to your filial duties. Come, my dear young lady, open your heart at once and entirely."

"I wish, my gracious lord," replied Rosamond, blushing and smiling, but with a look of the most perfect candour, "that my heart could indeed be laid open to your perusal; nothing would be found written there but what I have just read to your grace."

"What! not even the name of your good young cousin, Sir Edward?"

"No — no, my lord, I assure you, not!" replied Rosamond, earnestly, with her cheek flushing, and her brow slightly knit.

"Then of what is this little heart composed?" said the king, turning to Lord Clifford; "it is surely of adamant, so precious and invulnerable."

"It is a jewel, my liege," replied the father, "that may not be lightly cast away; but when once bestowed, I am free and proud to say, it will become the most invaluable possession of its wearer!"

"I believe it," replied the king. Then, turning to Rosamond, he continued, seriously, "Let the Lady Rosamond dread no compulsion; neither the queen, nor we ourself, could wish her to bestow her hand in marriage, except where she is assured of her happiness. We will undertake to lay the matter favourably before the queen, and the Lady Rosamond Clifford may consider her suit as granted."

In the fulness of her joy and gratitude, Rosamond pressed the king's hand to her heart; then, falling on her knees, to her lips: her tearful eyes were raised to his with a look which expressed all she felt, but she rose and left the presence without a word.

Rosamond presided in the hall that evening: her sad-coloured suit was exchanged for a silk robe of pale pink, embroidered and clasped with pearls, and her dark luxuriant tresses were richly braided with the same exquisite ornaments; joy at her recovered freedom tinged her cheek, and sparkled in her eye, and her father hailed with delight the returning smile of his child. The impression of her extraordinary beauty was never more vivid than on this memorable evening; and the combined grace, sweetness, and dignity of her manner, left nothing to be desired.

On the removal of the tables the dance began, and Henry led the first measure with his young hostess; he then retired to a distance, and, folding his arms, and drawing his plumed cap over his brow, fixed his eyes upon her, and followed her every movement. He seemed absorbed in the contemplation, but it would have been difficult to decide on the effect produced, for there were none of the usual marks of admiration; his brow was contracted, and his lips compressed.

"May I venture to inquire," said Sir Hugh Mortimer, in a low tone, "whether my liege be disappointed in the beauty of the far-famed Rosamond?"

"Do not speak to me, Mortimer!" replied the king, without moving his eyes from the object that

so forcibly attracted them. "Ha! Sir Edward approaches her; she gives her hand with somewhat more of reserve to him than to the others; do you not think so, Mortimer?"

"Yes, sire, decidedly," replied the wily courtier.

"Who is that she has turned round to speak to? Stay—look—she smiles at something the young Lord Lovat has said to her; and see, she has dropped her handkerchief, and that fool, De Tracy, must needs pick it up and press it to his bosom and his lips before he gives it to her!"

Mortimer looked at the king, and from that moment knew what part he had to play.

At midnight the king withdrew to his chamber, and, as he was to depart early in the morning, he took final leave of his hostess: he found an opportunity to whisper, "I will not forget your suit, Rosamond, and will see you soon again." The words were simply kind, but there was something in the tone and manner that sent a thrill to the heart of Rosamond; she silently watched him as he moved along amidst the thronging crowd. On reaching the door of the hall, he unexpectedly turned his head, and again their eyes met; Rosamond blushed deeply, scarcely knowing why; she was startled from her reverie by a deep sigh near her, and beheld Sir Edward Clifford with his eyes as intently fixed on her, as hers had been on the king.

"Good night, cousin," she said, holding out her hand; and, glad to escape, signed to one of her damsels, and left the hall unobserved. "The king

is very handsome," thought Rosamond, as she lay her head on her pillow; "very graceful, very dignified; how much of thought on that lofty brow; how much intellect in the expression of his eye; how much benevolence in his smile; but he is *a king*, and, perhaps, the majesty of his rank throws a halo around him that dazzles such eyes as mine. But no, I think not; had he been introduced this evening merely as a noble stranger, should I not have distinguished him? and, as such, if he had become enlisted in the number of my suitors, should I not — I had better go to sleep — how hard this pillow seems to-night! I hope the queen loves him; I have heard not; she is much older. That look at the door, what did it mean? I wish my cousin Edward were like the king: but, thank Heaven, I am freed from that horrid Sir Reginald!"

Henry arrived in London at noon the following day, and two hours afterwards the nephew of the chancellor received a message from the queen, desiring his attendance in the palace-garden at six that evening. He had no doubt of the appointment being made to inform him of the delight with which the Cliffords had received the royal mandate; he already counted up, arranged, and applied the wealth of the young heiress; and settled that the old lord could not, and ought not, to live above another twelvemonth.

He was punctual to his time, and, in a few minutes afterwards, the queen arrived; she was attended only by a Saracen page, a mute, who had been brought

prisoner from the Holy Land, and presented to her as a gift. He was, or seemed to be, a mere youth, and had been taught, as matter of duty, to devote himself to the queen, that he had been born only for her service, and could be guilty of only one sin—disobedience to her behests, for the right or wrong of which, she alone was accountable; he possessed the sort of passive courage habitual to his class in the East, and with the same cool indifference would have taken the life of another, or laid down his own. The queen conversed with him by a set of signs known only to themselves; with all others he was very reserved, rarely appearing to notice or comprehend them. He slept in a little room near the queen, and, except when employed on particular missions, was seldom out of her sight, or beyond her call; his food was of the most simple kind, always prepared by himself: but, although the least troublesome of human beings, the most quiet, and, apparently, the most inoffensive, the stoutest yeoman of the guard would quail to find him unexpectedly at his side, or to observe his small, dull, and cunning eye, fixed on him from a distance.

Sir Reginald perceived, by the queen's look and manner, that all was not right; he threw off his hat and knelt to receive her: "Rise!" she said, abruptly; "I have sent for you to tell you that your suit has failed!"

"Madam!" exclaimed Sir Reginald.

"Ay, has failed, in spite of the king's promise to me, in spite of my mandate for its fulfilment. The

king has been hunting in Berkshire, and sojourned last night at the Clifford's; the old lord protested, and the girl fell upon her knees, and there is an end to your proposed marriage."

"And does the Queen of England allow herself to be treated in this way?"

"Question me not!" exclaimed Eleanor, stamping her foot.

"Pardon me, madam, and attribute my error to the excess of my zeal. I thank your grace a thousand times for your kind, though unsuccessful efforts in my favour; and may God grant that Queen Eleanor may have no further reason to regret this ill-timed visit to the castle of the Cliffords!"

"What do you mean? Tell me, I command you!"

"I have heard ——" (in reality, he had heard nothing.)

"What have you heard? Speak, man!"

"That the beauty of the Lady Rosamond was fully appreciated by the king."

"Ha!" exclaimed the queen; and, for a few moments, there was a pause. "I will look to this; go, and inform your uncle of your disappointment, very gently, with much regret, and perfect submission: you understand me? Tell him I condole with him sincerely; manage him well; that is to say, make him as furious as you can."

The chancellor, Thomas A'Becket, was indeed furious when he heard that his ambitious project for the marriage of his nephew had been frustrated; but, with that deep dissimulation which marked the whole

of his fatal career, he bore his disappointment, to all appearance, meekly. He made, however, one effort with the king, but perceived instantly that success was hopeless, and that Henry, from whatever motive, was peculiarly irritable and obstinate on the subject.

A'Becket never forgot or forgave this injury, for such he conceived it; and the hundredth request thus refused, weighed down, as usual, the ninety-nine that had been granted.

The queen, however, remained resolute in the pursuance of her object. Her pride had been deeply wounded, and her jealousy awakened. She concerted with Sir Reginald a plan, which they immediately proceeded to carry into effect; and the knowledge of the king having paid two more visits to Clifford Castle within the fortnight which had now elapsed since the first, and having (as she was informed by her mute, who had mixed with his followers unbidden and disguised), apparently, become more and more enamoured at each visit, the queen decided at once to bring matters to a crisis. She dissembled, however, as deeply as a woman of her violent temper could dissemble; and although the king observed her haughty and gloomy mood, he was far from suspecting that she even knew of these last two visits, which had taken place during the day, without warning, and seemingly for an hour's rest and refreshment.

At this period a feeling of security and repose was spreading, under the wise government of Henry, over England. Tired of the civil wars and disastrous reign of Stephen, the nobles began to turn their attention

to the cultivation of their neglected lands, and the reparation of their impaired fortunes; traces of order and industry became once more visible, and the laws were enforced with a stronger and more equal hand. Among the most beneficial results of this improved state of things, was the diminution of the lawless banditti, composed chiefly of disbanded soldiers and runaway serfs, which infested the country. This evil, however, though gradually disappearing, could not be annihilated in a moment; and it was a remnant of one of these desperate hordes that the queen and Sir Reginald resolved to employ in their nefarious scheme, which will be best developed by its results.

Rosamond, encouraged by the tranquillity of the surrounding country, had of late been accustomed to walk from the castle slightly attended. When on her palfrey, her train was sufficiently numerous; but she loved, with one or two of her maidens and a page, to explore the beautiful precincts on foot. This enjoyment was new to her, she indulged in it as a sort of recovered liberty, and with that delight in the exercise of our natural freedom, which springs so readily in the bosom of youth and happiness. On each bright summer afternoon, when her father, seated on the ramparts, was enjoying the conversation of those around him, Rosamond would obtain permission for her walk, under the usual injunction of not going too far, or staying too long.

In one of these little excursions, unhappily the last, Rosamond was seated with her two female attendants and a page (a fine spirited boy about twelve

years old) by the side of a shaded brook about half a mile from the castle. Eustace was preparing his fishing-tackle, and the rest of the party were looking on. "Now, Eustace," said Maude, "do your best, for I am very hungry, and have resolved to eat all the fish you catch in this little stream with that marvellous looking bait of yours."

"None of your jeering, Mistress Maude," replied the boy, "and keep quiet and don't move; not even your tongue, if you can help it;" and he threw his line. "Hush, not a word!" All were still; when suddenly, without apparent cause, there was a rustling of the leaves and long grass near them. "Now, Maude, don't play tricks; I am sure you are at some mischief," said Eustace, without looking round.

"'Tis not I—I am not moving," replied the girl; the next instant a loud shriek burst from the lips of the three females; Eustace sprang to his feet, and beheld his lady struggling in the hold of an armed man; he rushed upon him, but receiving a stab from a stiletto, staggered and fell.

"That will do for you, youngster. Here, you knaves, stop these brawling fools!"

The rough grasp of two more men, and stilettos close at their throats, instantly silenced the two terrified girls. Without a struggle they permitted their hands to be tied, and were then bound to a tree. The shrieks of Rosamond also ceased, for she had become insensible, and the ruffians plunged with her through the thick underwood in the direction they had approached, and disappeared. The whole scene

passed instantaneously; it was rapid and destructive as the falling of a thunderbolt.

Sir Edward Clifford had left the castle, as he frequently did, to meet Rosamond and her companions. Being aware of the direction and object of their walk, he made immediately for the river, and arrived at the spot a quarter of an hour after the fatal event.

Alas! in what a state did the inhabitants of Clifford Castle pass that fearful night! The old lord was struck to the heart; he merely heard and understood that his child was lost and gone; he neither spoke nor moved, a numbing stupor crept over his aged frame, and he was unresistingly borne to the bed from whence he never again rose: it was his death-blow.

The boy, Eustace, had been severely wounded, and his state had become the more dangerous from loss of blood, and the time that had elapsed before he could be put to bed, and have his wounds dressed. He, however, recovered, but far too slow for the ardent desire he had to engage in all manner of enterprises for the discovery and release of his lady, and for vengeance on the perpetrators of this dreadful deed.

Strong parties were sent out in all directions to search during the night; but so well had the robbers' measures been taken, that the next day these parties dropped in, one by one, sullen and disappointed.

Early in the morning, Sir Edward Clifford, who had taken command of the castle, sent information to the king.

Henry was fortunately alone when he received it, and had time to suppress and regulate the first violent emotions it produced. Prompt orders were given for search and pursuit, and large rewards were offered; and, as soon as possible, the king set off himself for Clifford Castle, accompanied only by Sir Hugh Mortimer and his usual guard. He avoided seeing the queen before his departure, for strange suspicions, not far from the truth, haunted his mind; but to allow them to appear, while as yet they were mere shadows, would be, he was aware, the greatest imprudence he could commit. He met the chancellor for a few minutes in the council, and was satisfied that the apparently austere and holy man knew nothing of the affair, which was true; for the queen and Sir Reginald alone were implicated.

On the arrival of the king at Clifford Castle, he was shewn, by his desire, into the chamber of the dying lord. The old man knew him not, but looked at him wistfully.

"Hast thou brought my daughter?"

"Would to God!" exclaimed Henry, "that I had."

"She is not gone—O no, she is not gone! Rosamond! where art thou, my child? Come! I will give thee in charge to this gallant knight, for I am bound on a long, long journey. Where art thou, my child? I hear not thy voice, nor the springing of thy step—thine arms clasp not my neck, nor does thy young cheek rest on mine! They told me"—and he started up, and seized the king's hand—"they told me—but

they lie;" and then, with a groan of unutterable anguish, he sunk back on his pillow.

Sick at heart, Henry turned from his bedside, and entered the antechamber, where Sir Hugh Mortimer and Sir Edward Clifford were in waiting. He paced the room in extreme agitation; and it was some time before he was sufficiently collected to inquire the particulars from Sir Edward, who, during the whole time, kept his cold firm eye fixed upon him, answering his questions clearly and respectfully, but shortly, saying not a word more than was necessary. There was an air of watchful suspicion in his whole demeanour, which, if unperceived by the king, did not escape Sir Hugh.

The king, having given Sir Edward full authority to act in the event of his uncle's death, to represent his cousin, the Lady Rosamond, to take charge of the castle for her, and to hold it in her name, together with such other steps as he thought expedient for her discovery and the punishment of the offenders (who, he affected to believe, were merely banditti, prompted by the hope of a high ransom), returned to London in the evening; and the next morning was informed of the death of Lord Clifford.

Not only all the relations, friends, and retainers of the Cliffords, but every young nobleman who could command time, money, and a ready retinue, engaged, from this moment, in a new species of crusade—the discovery and rescue of Rosamond Clifford. The king was pressed to promise the rich and beautiful young

baroness (for she succeeded her father) to the knight who should be most fortunate in the search; but Henry would only permit that the finder should be at liberty to prefer his claim to the lady herself. This was the origin of her celebrity: for the whole country became aware of the circumstances, and interested in the pursuit. All those engaged in it wore her colour, blue, in bows, scarfs, and housings; and they were distinguished from all other *blue* wearers by a narrow stripe passing round their waist-belts. Propitiatory offerings were made to the Virgin; and many a shrine profited by the occasion. Songs and ballads were composed in honour of the "fair Rosamond," some of them not without a little humorous satire upon this novel and singular species of chase, and the knights engaged in it.

Sir Edward Clifford was the most devoted and persevering of the band, and, at the same time, the most hopeless, for he felt assured that no common thieves had stolen his treasure. So far he was right; but he was wrong in the objects of his suspicion; for he was convinced that the king and Sir Hugh Mortimer were the delinquents, and cast not even a thought on the queen and Sir Reginald A'Becket.

Sir Hugh Mortimer appeared merely as a spectator of all that was going forward; he wore not the favourite colour, nor in any way seemed enlisted in this chivalrous service; but, not even the pains and perseverance of Sir Edward himself could exceed those of Sir Hugh, who possessed two great advantages: his own non-appearance rendered the operation of his

emissaries more concealed and effective, and he was on *the right scent*, possessing from the king a clue hidden from all others. Moreover, Sir Hugh tracked with the coolness and sagacity of the jackall for the lion; for there existed a convention between the king and him, scarcely expressed in words, but understood and acknowledged by both.

But there was a third person, still more singularly situated than the two just mentioned: this was Sir Reginald A'Becket. He wore the favoured colour, and seemed more eager and active than any one else in the search, which was considered perfectly natural, as it was supposed that Rosamond had been, by the royal order, engaged in marriage to him. He, however, took care to divert the pursuers by all the means in his power, to foil their best laid plans, and to mislead them in every possible way. Sir Hugh Mortimer alone was not to be deceived; and his emissaries were directed accordingly.

One evening, at the palace-circle, a few weeks after Rosamond's crusade had begun, two of her blue-belted knights being present, the queen sarcastically addressed them:

"How now, my fair sirs, what do ye here? The treasure ye seek is still unfound—the prize ye stake for, still unwon."

"Alas! madam," replied one of the knights, "our hope is withering, our perseverance tiring, our courage failing."

"O, recreants!" exclaimed the queen, laughing.

"And then, madam," continued the other, "we

find ourselves within the allurements of this magic circle, where an enchantress presides, taking captive all hearts, and binding them in such delicious fetters, that the poor prisoners lose the very thought and wish of freedom. Behold, your grace, yon lovely and majestic queen of night! who would withdraw from her attractive radiance to seek for an obscure and attendant star?"

Such speeches as these, it was well known, delighted Eleanor; and, while she was engaged continuing the conversation in the same strain, amidst the admiring smiles of her simpering courtiers, Sir Hugh entered, and, without moving into the circle, signed to the king, who stole off to the deep embrazure of a window, where Sir Hugh followed him.

"What news?"

"My lord, I think—I believe—that *she* is found."

"How? when? speak!"

"A lonely tower—at the mouth of the Humber—we are not certain; but—your order, sire, and a guard, will, from all I learn, be sufficient."

"There must be neither order nor guard, Mortimer," whispered the king, impressively; "we must find her, and not seem to find her—recovered to us, she must be lost to all the world beside: no Sir Edwards must cross my path, no jealous wives must endanger hers. Come out here, on this terrace!"

They went out, and remained in deep conversation for the next half-hour.

On the southern bank of the Humber, near its

mouth, there was an old low tower, built on a rock, which, at high tide, was surrounded by water. It had a small door, mid-way up, from which a ladder was suspended when required; near the top was a loophole. An old man, his wife, and his two sons, fishermen, resided in the centre of the tower, and in the small and wretched chamber above, lighted only by the single narrow loophole, was Rosamond Clifford.

The night was dark, and the tide rising; there was a movement in the tower, and soon after oars were heard on the water.

"It is he!" exclaimed Rosamond, clasping her hands, while the strongest expression of terror, and almost of despair, spread over her beautiful features. She had just begun to prepare for repose (if repose it could be called), and her long bright hair hung in rich folds nearly to the ground, over a white loose dress, confined round her delicate waist by a black girdle, the only symbol of mourning she could wear for her lost father, with whose death she had been early made acquainted. A heavy, armed step ascended the stone stair; and, as she had expected, Sir Reginald A'Becket entered her apartment.

"How fares the Lady Rosamond? Ha! preparing for rest—excuse the abruptness of my approach. Yet those disordered locks look so captivating,—and that sweet confusion, too!—I cannot regret my boldness, and I trust that you forgive it."

"Sir," replied Rosamond, "prisoners have it not in their power to regulate the visits of their jailors; it

is totally unnecessary to ask my forgiveness for your intrusion."

"A bitter speech, madam; but you may remind me, at the same time, that, as your jailor, I have the power to enforce all, and more, than what I have hitherto only pleaded for. It is true, I have made you my prisoner, but not until my lawfully authorised claim had been unfairly annulled; and it is in our nature, madam, as men, to seize by force what is withheld by injustice. I have made you my prisoner, but a single word of yours would restore you to freedom and happiness. Am I a stern jailor? Behold me bending on my knees thus before *my* captive, and entreating her to make me *hers!* Oh, Rosamond!" and he attempted to take her hand; "soften in my favour the obduracy of that heart, and trust me that my whole life shall be dedicated to atone for these few weeks of apparent oppression! Speak but the word—the chapel and the priest are in readiness—my attendants and horses are waiting; within another hour thou mayest be on the road to thy loved home, conducted thither by an adoring husband; no shade of evil should darken thy future days—no pang should reach thy bosom that mine could avert. Speak, Rosamond!"

"Restore me to liberty, Sir Reginald!"

"Perverse one! you know this is the only boon I cannot, and will not, grant. You leave not this prison except to become my wife."

"I will never become your wife."

"Is this your final resolve?"

"It is."

"Then hear me, madam!" and he sprang to his feet.

"So started up, in his own shape, the fiend."—MILTON.

"At this hour to-morrow night I will be with you again: yet another day is given you to reflect. On one hand are dishonour and death, on the other honour and happiness: make your choice, madam." And he fixed on her a cruel and licentious gaze.

A deep, sudden blush glowed over the face and neck of Rosamond; it receded, and left her deadly pale, even to her lips. Her eyes being fixed on the ground, and veiled by their long lashes, escaped the scrutiny of her persecutor. He perceived, however, that his unmanly threat had produced an effect, but of what nature he was at a loss to determine.

"Do you mark me, Rosamond?" he said in a milder tone, approaching her.

Her lips scarcely seemed to move as she replied, "I do."

"And you will make your choice?"

"I will."

Sir Reginald slowly receded from the room, with his look doubtingly fixed on the statuelike being before him.

Rosamond sank on her knees, and prayed for support in this overwhelming trial.

"'Tis dreadful to die—'tis criminal to die by my own hand. Intercede for me, O blessed Virgin! reveal to me the right path in this hour of darkness, and grant me resolution to pursue it!"

She rose, and, seating herself on the ground, drew a small sharp poniard from her bosom, which had always accompanied her on her walks, but which had been rendered useless by her surprise and terror at the fatal instant of her seizure; she had, however, carefully concealed it as her last defence; she looked at it: "Only one day more! but in that day may not the helping hand of a merciful Providence be stretched towards me? I will not despair." And then she thought of all her attached followers and retainers, of her cousin, Sir Edward, and her numerous friends: "They are all searching for me—I am sure they are." But there was one image rose superior to every other in her mind—that of the king, who, as she was yet a minor, had become her natural guardian by the death of her father. "*He* will not desert me—his power is at work to rescue or to avenge me. On my guardian and my sovereign I have a just claim, but on *Henry*—I have none." A thousand painfully pleasing thoughts pressed upon her heart and memory, till, suddenly starting from her dangerous reverie, she wrung her hands: "No: on *him* I have no claim; none—none. Why does his forbidden image haunt me at an hour like this? why does it flit between my grave and me, darkening the view of heaven to my soul?" She closed her eyes, and covered her face with her hands. As she thus sat, something seemed to fall gently and rustlingly near her: the sound was so slight that it would not have arrested her attention, had she not, at that instant, been tremblingly alive to the smallest occurrence. She looked round, and, to her amazement,

beheld a blunted arrow on the floor, stuck through a small billet. She snatched it up with breathless eagerness, drew off the parchment, which her trembling hands almost refused to hold while she read:

"If the inhabitant of this chamber be Rosamond Clifford, let her place the light close to the loophole, and then withdraw it. Help is at hand."

She read it twice, as if to assure herself of its reality; then, starting up, snatched her lamp and held it close to the loophole, as steadily as her agitation would permit, for the space of a minute: replacing it, she stood with throbbing heart and clasped hands, in eager hope, yet fearful expectation, of what was to follow.

The sound of oars struck her ear; it was evidently the boat conveying away Sir Reginald, rowed, as usual, by the two sons of her jailor: apparently it would land in the direction from whence the arrow had been shot, and Rosamond raised herself on a bench to the loophole to listen. The boat rowed to the shore, and she heard it grounding on the beach. In a few minutes after, there was a sudden shout, as from persons attacked by surprise, succeeded by the clash of arms. The struggle was short, and closed with a deep and agonising groan. For some time longer Rosamond heard nothing, save the cries and exclamations of her jailor and his wife, from the doorway of the tower, calling on their sons.

At length the boat was heard to push off, and it returned to the foot of the tower; as it approached, the old man and his wife began to draw up the ladder.

"Touch not that ladder!" exclaimed a voice, which Rosamond immediately recognised as that of Sir Hugh Mortimer. "In the king's name we demand your unlawfully detained prisoner, the Lady Rosamond Clifford! Restore her peaceably and instantly, or your two sons, who lie bound and guarded on the opposite bank, will be put to death on the spot."

"But, Sir Reginald?" inquired the old man.

"Sir Reginald has gone to his last and heavy account; you have nothing further to fear or to hope from him."

"Enter, sirs," replied the old couple, without further hesitation, readjusting the ladder; and two knights sprung up it.

"The key of the prison-chamber!" said the one, who had not yet spoken, in a peremptory tone; it was immediately given, and he hastened up the narrow winding stair. In another minute the door of Rosamond's prison was thrown open, and she felt that she was free.

"My deliverer!" she exclaimed. But the knight, without a moment's delay, snatched her up in his arms, and bore her down to the room below; from thence she was conveyed into the boat with a celerity that confounded her. The two knights rowed her over to the opposite beach without exchanging a word; they landed where the sons of her jailor lay bound under the guard of an armed man; by the clear starlight she could easily distinguish them; and shuddered to observe, not far from where they lay, a heap covered with a bloody mantle.

"We had better not loosen these fellows, sir," said Sir Hugh to his companion; "the father will easily reach them at low tide."

The other knight nodded assent, and they proceeded with the man, who had stood sentinel, at a quick walking pace for some minutes, during which Rosamond was supported, or rather carried, by the unknown knight. A sudden turning brought them to some horses and another attendant: one of the steeds was caparisoned for a lady. While the rest of the party were making each their own arrangements, the knight carefully wrapped his charge in a closely hooded cloak, and, when she was ready to mount, he drew her to him, and whispered,

"Rosamond!"

The voice thrilled to her heart; trembling with delight and amazement, she exclaimed:

"The King!"

"Hush!" and he placed her on her steed. "Carry your precious burden safe and well, my gallant gray!" he said, patting the arched neck of the animal. "God bless you, my Rosamond! we shall soon meet again."

"Do you not, then, accompany us?" she inquired, in a tone of disappointment.

"For *your sake* I dare not; you are yet surrounded with mystery and danger; but recollect that *I*, though absent, am your protector. Commit yourself to the guardianship of Sir Hugh without hesitation, and at the end of your journey you will find me again: will that please you, Rosamond?" and his voice sank and faltered.

"It is all I wish for," she replied instantly, in one of those sudden *élans* of the soul, when nature only speaks. The pressure of his mailed arms, and the low, agitated, thickly breathed whisper, "Thank you! thank you!" revealed to her how far she had betrayed herself; her close-drawn hood alone was witness of the crimson blush and starting tear that followed her imprudence. The horses set off, and, on looking round, Rosamond perceived the king and one of the attendants strike into another path; while she, with Sir Hugh and the remaining servitor, pursued with rapidity and in silence her mysterious route.

They crossed the fens of Lincolnshire, and followed for some time the course of the Trent; then, through lanes and bye-ways, they passed Leicestershire and part of Northamptonshire, until at last they arrived in Oxfordshire. They carefully avoided the high road, all towns, and even villages, seeking for the night their repose in lonely cottages: when near a town, the attendant, carefully muffled, went forward to purchase such necessaries as were required in food or clothing, and their meals were made in the open air, the weather, fortunately, continuing fine and warm. They were a week on their journey.

During the whole time, the manner of Sir Hugh Mortimer, in the delicate situation in which he was placed, was guarded and respectful in the highest degree; he seldom even spoke to his beautiful charge, except to consult her on some point connected with her comfort. At first he dreaded her questioning him; but he found, somewhat to his surprise, that Rosamond

asked no questions—she asked none, for she felt no curiosity; she thought not of her home nor of her friends, her new station, or the duties it entailed. Her father, who alone could have divided her affections, was no more; and those affections (unhappy girl!) had become all centered in *him*, under whose invisible protection she was placed; in *him*, who, at the end of her strange journey, she was to meet again. This was all she thought of; she struggled no longer against her fatal and guilty love; the world to her was peopled with but one being—where he was, there was her oasis, and all the rest was a desert; that heart, hitherto so cold and unyielding, now consigned itself warmly, wholly, and without a struggle; she would not, for she dared not, either think or reason, she could only feel.

On the evening of the seventh day they arrived in a beautifully wooded and watered country, with green swelling hills and luxuriant vales. Approaching a wide deep moat, they followed its course for some time; it appeared to run in a circular direction, enclosing a considerable space; the opposite bank was high, effectually excluding a view of the interior to the passers by; and at regular distances, along the bank, were stationed sentry-boxes; across it there appeared but one passage, and that was a drawbridge, at which our travellers stopped. They were hailed by two sentinels pacing the opposite side, and were answered by Sir Hugh; the drawbridge was immediately let down, and the party passed. On descending the other side of the bank, Rosamond was struck with pleasure and surprise at the beautiful little scene before her: it consisted of a park,

pleasure-grounds, and garden, laid out in a style of rare excellence, according to the taste of that period; it looked like a spot of fairy-land, in such exquisite order, so lovely, and so solitary: a few startled deer sprang up as they passed, and these seemed the only inhabitants. Towards the upper end of this singular domain, which was bounded by a bold and picturesque hill, rose a terrace, overhung by lofty trees, and on its centre was a square tower, which, from its just proportions, appeared smaller than it really was; its white stone walls glanced through wreaths of woodbine, clematis, the wild rose, and jessamine.

"This is quite enchantment!" exclaimed Rosamond. "What place is this, Sir Hugh?"

"Woodstock, madam."

She would have asked to whom it belonged; but, suddenly recollecting that she had departed from her system of knowing nothing, even by the inquiry she had just made, she checked herself. They dismounted at the end of the avenue, and their attendant withdrew with the horses. Rosamond accepted the proffered arm of Sir Hugh, and they proceeded through a shrubbery, skirting the delicious garden, to one end of the terrace. Here they were met by an old man, arrayed in livery; he bowed profoundly, and conducted them in silence up the steps, which were lined with the retainers of nature only, the most beautiful shrubs and flowers. At the door of the tower they were met by a neat, cherry-cheeked damsel, whom the old man introduced as his daughter, Mary. The hall occupied, as usual, the lower part of the tower, surrounded with

some small sleeping apartments; no trophies of war or hunting were there, and no trace of the rude magnificence of the times; but all was fresh, cheerful, and orderly, to a degree Rosamond had never before witnessed. Sir Hugh, who appeared to enjoy her exclamations of surprise and delight, begged leave to conduct her to the upper apartments; they were four: a lady's withdrawing-room, a sleeping-room, a dressing-room, which included a bath, and a refreshment-room. But, here, the rural simplicity of the residence gave place to the most gorgeous luxury: these apartments were furnished from the spoils of the East; the richest carpets, hangings of silk and gold, vases of exquisite workmanship, low Moorish sofas with their rest-inviting cushions, together with instruments of music, implements of embroidery, and the most approved legends of the time, skilfully illuminated, and bound in vellum and gold. In the sleeping-apartment were trays filled with under-dresses of the finest linen, and robes of the richest silks and stuffs; some few of that then scarcely known manufactory of the East, muslin; and on the toilet were placed cases of the most magnificent jewellery.

The conscious heart of Rosamond beat with delight, and her cheek glowed with confusion, as, avoiding the eye of Sir Hugh, she timidly inquired what stay they were to make here.

"I have orders, madam, to leave you here. With your permission, I shall take shelter for the night, and early in the morning I proceed to London."

He bowed, and withdrew.

The bath was prepared for Rosamond; and, arrayed in a light wrapper, she partook of some refreshment. She received Sir Hugh again for a few minutes, as matter of form, to take leave, and thanked him impressively for the kindness and delicacy with which he had discharged his trust. He looked at her, knelt and kissed her, and, as he left the room, blessed every saint in the calendar that his trial was over, and that a few hours would carry him beyond the reach of temptation.

Rosamond knelt by the bedside to her prayers that night. She was about to return thanks for her escape from the perils which had encompassed her, and for her safe arrival thus far on her journey towards her home. She knelt, but her lips moved not, and her eyes she dared not raise. The perils in her own bosom were more to be dreaded even than those from which she had escaped, and yet she could not pray to be delivered from them. She felt, too, that she had reached *her home*—the home of her love, the only home she cared to reach; and she knew that every sentiment of her inmost soul stood revealed to the eye of Him, whom she was about to address in the language of deception. Her hands gradually relaxed from their position of prayer, her head drooped covered with blushes, she rose from her knees, and, with senses enthralled, but a heart ill at ease, sunk into her luxurious bed.

The following evening the king arrived.

Three years passed away, and Rosamond was still the contented inhabitant of Woodstock's secluded

bower. She had become the mother of two lovely boys, who alone divided her thoughts and affections with the king. In the full enjoyment of maternal bliss, never so perfectly appreciated as when withdrawn from the world; in the improvement of her mind, and of those accomplishments in which she already excelled, in the cultivation of her garden, in the pleasure inspired by the rural felicity surrounding her, so peculiarly to her taste, Rosamond was certainly the happiest of recluses. But the grand charm thrown over all—the charm without which every object would have lost its power to bestow happiness, or even pleasure—was the mighty talisman of love. The king's visits were irregular; sometimes in the dead of night, and for a few hours only, at others for two or three days; sometimes weeks would elapse without her seeing him, at others but a day or two. These snatches of happiness were heightened even by their uncertainty and their danger; to her they were hours of perfect bliss: no change appeared in the warmth and tenderness of Henry's passion; on the contrary, he seemed to doat upon her with increasing fondness. Rosamond, in the midst of her frailty, retained a degree of strength and composure of mind, which tended, beyond every thing else, to preserve the king's affections and her own happiness. Having once decided to sacrifice the world for him, there was no falling back from her resolution, no vain regrets, no shadow of reproach either towards him or herself; no unnecessary repinings at his lengthened absences, no jealousies, no questionings, no doubts:

her heart and step ever bounded to meet him, her eyes swimming in tears of delight, the smile of love illumining every feature, and the kiss of the tenderest and most confiding affection ready from the most beautiful lips in the world. This happy frame of mind, united with her simple and regular life, not only retained in full preservation her extraordinary personal charms, but improved them. Rosamond Clifford at twenty, the mother of two children, exceeded in the perfection of her beauty the girl of seventeen.

The establishment of Woodstock, beside the old man and his daughter, consisted of two menials, serfs of Sir Hugh, and four veteran soldiers, who acted as sentinels, well paid, and their families provided for. With the automaton obedience of good soldiers, they neither knew nor inquired who was the lady they guarded, nor who the knight that visited her. This secret was intrusted only to the old man and his daughter.

To the king, the love of Rosamond was the blessing of life. The hours he could devote to her from the turmoil of the world, the anxiety of business, the formality of state, and the discord of his family, were precious as the breath he drew. Seated by her side, beneath the embowering shade that overhung the crystal waters of the well, since known by her name, a feast of the freshest fruits before them, the eldest boy striving to reach his father's neck, the youngest nestling in the bosom of his mother; or, when the winter storm howled round their dwelling, clasped in each other's arms, on the luxurious ottoman of the

East, before their blazing hearth, her head upon his bosom, and her long tresses wreathing round him,—Henry felt, and perhaps expressed, with the poet of a future day—

> "These hours, and only these,
> Redeem life's years of ill."

The queen, struck at the mysterious death of Sir Reginald, and the total disappearance of Rosamond, knew not for some time on what to decide, or whom to suspect. She was, also, to a certain degree, blinded and misled by Sir Hugh Mortimer, pretending, as he did, to be one of her most ardent admirers. She lived on worse terms than ever with her husband, whom, in spite of the incorrectness of her own conduct, she persecuted with unceasing jealousy; and, spying into his every action, she soon came to be aware that he was under some powerful and secret influence, which eluded her search. But, by dint of watching, uniting and comparing every the smallest circumstances, she arrived at the conclusion that Rosamond Clifford was secreted and possessed by the king; and so surely and firmly did she fix on this conclusion, that the strongest proofs would scarcely have weighed against it; and if the supposed offender had been suddenly brought into her presence, she would have been condemned without a question. The clue to her concealment was all that was wanting, and this, sooner or later, the queen was sure would come to her hand; therefore, she patiently abided her time.

On the chancellor, Thomas A'Becket, the circumstances connected with Rosamond, and the death of his nephew, made a deep and fatal impression. He attributed all to the king; but he was silent, for he knew that his hour of vengeance was at hand.

Sir Edward Clifford still ruled Clifford Castle with the prudence and firmness which so remarkably distinguished him. Of all those who had united in their romantic compact for the discovery of Rosamond, he alone continued his now almost hopeless search. She was still the passion of his soul, the beacon of his life; grief for her loss pressed heavily upon him, and withdrew him from all communion with society, except such as duty imposed: but when he imagined to himself her supposed sufferings, her dishonour, her death, that grief rose almost to madness. He never could be induced to meet the king, who, on his side, was equally willing to avoid him.

"He is my sovereign," thought Sir Edward, "and has brought peace to my unhappy country; for no private wrong must a hand be raised against him: I can, too, but *suspect*." His only happiness was to cherish every trace, and to keep up every recollection, of his lost Rosamond. "If she ever return, she will find the old and poor, whom she assisted, cared for; the orphans she adopted, kindly reared; and even every flower she planted, nurtured with fondness."

Her apartments were kept ready for her reception in the most precise order; and he would, with melan-

choly pleasure, seat himself by her embroidering frame, on which still lay the work she had left unfinished, the open missal she had prayed from the morning of that fatal day, and the cushion on which she had knelt. On the spot of her seizure he had erected a small tablet of black marble, and had inscribed on it the name of "Rosamond;" and on this spot, remarkable for its seclusion and beauty, he would sit for hours, to the surprise of the page Eustace, who never could endure to go near it.

It was early in the third summer after the mysterious disappearance of Rosamond, that King Henry reluctantly came to the decision that his presence could no longer be delayed on the borders of Wales.

Rosamond was overpowered with grief at his intended departure; some months, probably six, must elapse before she could see him again, beside the dangers to which he would be exposed. Their parting was melancholy in the extreme; there was a misgiving spirit about it, that both struggled vainly to subdue; they strove to dwell on the bliss of their future meeting: it was in vain—they could feel naught but the despair of their present parting. Three times before he could tear himself away did the unhappy Henry return, and press again and again to his heart the pale, cold, and almost insensible Rosamond.

Three months had passed away, when Sir Edward Clifford arrived at court, to settle an affair which had been some time pending, but which being now mature, the power left with the queen would enable her to

terminate before the return of the king. He was received by Eleanor with the most marked affability, and promised a speedy and favourable termination to his suit.

A few evenings after his arrival, at a court entertainment, Sir Edward had withdrawn from the brilliant circle, and, in the deep embrasure of a Gothic window, viewed, with folded arms and pensive brow, the gaieties in which he felt no inclination to mingle. The queen and Sir Hugh Mortimer, without perceiving him (for ball-rooms were not so well lighted in those days as now), seated themselves at the opening of the embrasure.

"Oh! it is very true," said the queen; "I would wager the best jewel in my crown that it is true."

"Madam!" stammered out Sir Hugh, who was evidently under the influence of wine, "my gracious, my beautiful queen! do me not this wrong. I bow but to *one* shrine, unworthy as I am even to raise my eyes to its presiding goddess. I—I—I—" and Sir Hugh placed his hand on his heart, apparently at a loss to know what he was next to say, when Sir Edward took advantage of this moment of hesitation, and stepped forward from his somewhat dangerous situation. The queen, with just tact, instead of assisting him to avoid, drew him into the conversation.

"Sir Edward, I appeal to you,—is it not true that scandal points at Sir Hugh's residence in Oxfordshire as a seraglio more luxurious than those we have disturbed in the East? Like an enchanted castle, we

have all heard of it, and none have seen it; we are told it is *there*, but we vainly ask *where?* And it strikes me that, beyond every other, *I* have the right of entrance; for, if my memory does not deceive me, 'twas I that saved it from destruction."

Sir Hugh bowed to the ground; the queen continued in the same strain.

"Very well, Sir Edward; will you join me some day in attacking by surprise the dragons that guard this mysterious domain, and, if it do not vanish into air, we will force an entrance? The grand necromancer best knows what we shall find; but we may find—" and the queen suddenly clapped her hands—"why, we *may* find the fair Rosamond herself!"

Had Sir Hugh been perfectly collected, this sally of the queen would have had no more effect than it was really intended to have; but Sir Hugh was off his guard; he looked petrified, and the shock was so great that it sobered him in an instant, and then came the sudden flush of confusion. The queen, surprised, fixed her scrutinising eyes upon him, and then looked at Sir Edward: a glance passed between them that was understood of both. The queen immediately rallied with consummate address, and, after jesting a little longer in the same tone, dropped the subject, appearing to think no more of it. Sir Hugh's terrors subsided, his suspicions were lulled, and he retired soon after completely at ease.

Sir Edward, although not perfectly aware of the queen's character, knew her sufficiently to dread her

tracing the retreat of Rosamond. If the Baroness Clifford were once in her castle, surrounded by the strength and dignity of her feudal state, she would have little or nothing to fear; but, to be discovered in secret by the jealous and unprincipled Eleanor, was a hazard, if possible, to be avoided.

As Sir Edward, after having taken leave, was proceeding with some other gentlemen through one of the outer courts of the palace, he felt himself pulled by the sleeve, and, on looking round, could just distinguish, by the uncertain light of a flambeau, a dark singular-looking being, whom he presumed, from description, must be the queen's mute. The mute beckoned to him to follow, and he was conducted to a private apartment of the queen.

Eleanor, divested of her massive ornaments, was seated in an arm-chair before a table, on which was placed a lamp, and a few businesslike-looking papers. She was leaning her head on her hand, and her brow was thoughtful and gloomy. She motioned to Sir Edward to seat himself on a stool opposite to her; and, after a minute's silence, she raised her head, and fixing her eyes keenly upon him, said, in a subdued tone: "You think as I do?"

"Madam!" ejaculated Sir Edward.

"You think as I do: Sir Hugh has betrayed his secret; it is plain as daylight. His tower in Oxfordshire was *not* spared at my intercession; all *I* could obtain was a half promise of remuneration; but it *was* spared; and what the wife of Henry

could not effect, was accomplished for his worthless paramour."

"Oh, madam! condemn the offence, but spare the offender; class not Rosamond Clifford with—"

"She must be classed, sir, according to her deserts," replied the queen harshly.

"God help us," thought Sir Edward, "if we were *all* so classed!"

A silence of a few minutes followed; Eleanor had thrown herself back in the chair, and covered her face with her hands. In these few minutes, her project of vengeance was brought to maturity.

"That we may not act hastily in this affair, Sir Edward, I delegate to you the care of ascertaining whether Rosamond Clifford be really the inhabitant of this mysterious tower; and, if so, you will provide me with all the information as to her residence there, which you can obtain. Until I am in possession of such, it will not be possible for me *to act*, that is to say, to attempt the restoration of this unhappy young woman to her station and her friends."

"Oh, my queen!" exclaimed Sir Edward, dropping on his knee, "how shall I thank you for your clemency? how sufficiently admire your forbearance and generosity? To-morrow, then, with your grace's permission, I will proceed to Woodstock."

"No, not to-morrow," replied the queen, as she addressed herself to write the order for his admission there. "During the next two days I must have your advice upon some weighty affairs of state; within that

time also your suit shall be finally settled, and you can then leave court without suspicion, and take such measures as you think fit to effect our object."

The queen had scarcely finished writing the order, when a movement was heard near her apartments; the mute put his head in at the door, and made a sign which was answered by the queen.

"Some intelligence has arrived from the king," she observed. "Nay, stay, Sir Edward, and hear it; I am sure it must be good."

An armed messenger entered the room, who appeared to have ridden long and hard. He announced a final victory over the Welsh, and the return of the king.

"Returns his grace with his army?" inquired the queen.

"No, madam; the army is left on the borders under the command of the Lord Scroope: the king returns with a hundred followers only."

"Where did you leave him?"

"At Worcester, madam: I was bidden to hurry on with these tidings, and by the next messenger your grace will receive letters."

On the withdrawal of the messenger, the queen, without regarding the congratulations of Sir Edward, hastily remarked that, if what they suspected were true, the king would certainly take an opportunity of leaving his followers and going round by Woodstock, rejoining them afterwards.

"So Woodstock will not be safe at present *for you;*

we must have him in London, deeply engaged in all the business that awaits him here, and then—"

"Very true, madam," replied Sir Edward; "in this matter I am governed entirely by your grace." And he took his leave.

But Sir Edward, when the first impression had passed, began to reflect on the sudden and extraordinary generosity displayed by the queen, and to compare it with her professed disposition to jealousy and duplicity. Mistrust quickly succeeded to confidence; and he resolved, on the following day, to feign sickness, to proceed privately to Woodstock, and, if Rosamond were indeed its inhabitant, to place her on her guard by any means that might offer.

On Sir Edward's departure from the presence of Eleanor, the mute re-appeared, and a third was added to that dark council—a vulgar, ferocious-looking being: they remained with the queen upwards of half an hour. The ruffian then saddled a stout horse, and mounted it, with the mute behind him. They were both well cloaked and armed, and bore the royal signet, in case of need. "But," thought the ruffian, "I wish Jezebel would send me on her work with lads of my own metal, and not with this outlandish thing behind: his long, thin arms pressing round me, make me feel as though I were already in the claws of Satan himself."

This eventful night was succeeded by a beautiful autumnal morning. Mary had been, somewhat impatiently, in her lady's room two or three times. The eldest boy was up, and at "the top of his speed" over

the grass-plot, on the old man's best cane; but Rosamond and her youngest slept — sweetly and serenely slept.

"I must awake you — I must indeed, my lady! I have such news for you!" Rosamond's eyes reluctantly unclosed.

"Oh! Mary, do not disturb me! I was so happy! Music from golden harps, and heavenly voices, was floating round me; and forms so indistinct, and yet so beautiful, looked with bright eyes, and smiled upon me! What does this dream portend?"

"Happiness, my lady; the king is near."

Rosamond started up.

"The king near! do not mock me, Mary! where? how? so soon! speak, girl!"

"It is true, my dear lady, it is indeed! the whole country is ringing with it, — a great victory, and the king on his way home."

"Oh, God! I thank thee!" ejaculated Rosamond, with tearful eyes and quivering lips: "he may then be here to-day, and soon, perhaps! Get me dressed, Mary."

Happy Rosamond! that day passed in the fulness of expected bliss, in the thousand little preparations made at the approach of those we love.

The rich twilight of an autumnal evening was merging into night — if night that could be called — which was almost changed to second day by the rising of a full and cloudless moon. Rosamond, incapable of repose, was returning with such flowers as she could

collect, heavy with the dews of evening, along a foot-path near the well, where the vegetation was high and luxuriant: something moved in the grass; she bent forwards to observe it; it disappeared; but as she rose it seemed to return. She approached nearer, and again stooped.—Horror of horrors! she found her eyes close to two others, small and dull, but intently fixed on hers. She sprang back; there was a slight twang, as of a child's arrow from its bow — a piercing shriek — and all was silent.

It was midnight. The king, as had been surmised, had separated from his followers with a small retinue, appointing to meet them at ——. From that retinue, quartered for the night at a village a few miles off, he had now stolen, and was pressing on towards Woodstock, on a somewhat jaded steed, disguised and alone. How his heart beat as he advanced along the narrow and well-known path which led immediately to the drawbridge! On approaching it, a sudden tremor seized him; he perceived that it was down, and that there were no sentinels: he called loudly: there was no reply; he passed. His horse, well accustomed to the spot, trotted to where the king usually dismounted, and from thence found his own way. The king proceeded on foot; his step was hasty, and irregular; he looked wildly round on the calm and lovely scene before him; he thought there was stagnation in the air; the trees were motionless, and the flowers drooped their heads, and slept in the moonlight. Again he called, though with a voice less firm and

clear: he was answered only by a faint echo from the hill.

He ascended the terrace, and advanced towards the porch of the tower; its door opened immediately to his hand, and he found himself in the hall: it was in as neat and exact order as usual, but at the upper end there was a shaded lamp, and near it were placed the cradles of his two children. The infant slept profoundly; its rosy cheeks, and chubby hands, gave signs of perfect health; but the elder boy was pale, with traces of tears, his little brow contracted, his hands clenched, his breathing short and irregular: he had every appearance of a child who had sunk to sleep in the midst of grief and fear.

"Rosamond is ill—this is the truth;" and Henry's heart lightened as he spoke, for he felt that her illness was the least calamity he had to fear. He stepped softly up stairs, as careful not to disturb her, and entered the bedroom.

There was no light save that of the moon's rays, which fell in a bright flood on the bed; the curtains were closed on the side by which he entered; he stole round to the other,—and there he stood, gazing at the object before him, until his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and his heart had almost ceased to beat, and his blood to flow.

There lay his Rosamond, in the marble hue and stillness of death; her light and snowy vesture, arranged by hands unused to the clothing of the grave, floated round her as a cloud, profusely shaded with

her long dark hair; the flowers she had so lately gathered were strewed over her; a cross of ebony lay on her bosom; her hands were joined as if in prayer, and her eyes were gently closed beneath their long and motionless lashes; calmness sat upon her high fair brow, but her beautiful lips were white as her cheek, and a slight purple shade was beginning to gather round them. Beneath the left breast had welled forth a dark red stain: still moist was the heart's blood of Rosamond!

Henry stood immovable. A deep sob, from a dark corner of the room, attracted no attention; and Mary had crept from her hiding-place, and had fallen on her knees before him, without his perceiving her. She gently pulled the border of his cloak, and at last, losing all ceremony in that moment of equalising misery, she grasped his hand; he started back, and looked at her for a moment as though he knew her not, then pointed to the body of Rosamond, and seemed struggling to speak.

"Murdered! my lord," said Mary, in a hoarse whisper, "basely and mysteriously murdered!"

A slight convulsion passed over the features, and shook the frame of Henry; the next moment he was stretched insensible across the inanimate clay, which was now all that was left on earth of her he had loved so fondly.

Sir Edward Clifford arrived during the night, and found his worst apprehensions thus fearfully realised. Devouring his own misery, he tended and supported

the heart-stricken Henry; and, after the lapse of a few hours, a full, though painful and interrupted confession passed between them, with only one reserve: Sir Edward took care not to mention the name of the queen, nor to allow a suspicion to glance towards her; and the king forbore to shew that he felt not only suspicion, but certainty, as to the murderer of Rosamond. Sir Edward referred to Sir Hugh Mortimer's unguarded speech, as the cause of his unexpected appearance at Woodstock.

On the evening of the following day, Rosamond was consigned to her early grave. They buried her at her favourite retreat, near the well: there was little or no ceremony; the nightingale sang her requiem, and the silent prayer of those she loved commended her soul to its Creator.

The next morning Sir Edward proceeded to Clifford Castle, taking under his protection the bereaved infants and their faithful attendant, Mary.

But the king, although the call of a whole nation rang in his ears, yet lingered by the grave of his Rosamond. "I will visit thee often, my love—often as I was wont to do!" he exclaimed, as he pressed his lips again and again to the fresh cold sod: "the heart of Henry is buried with thee."

And indeed it seemed that it was so; his bruised and wounded spirit never recovered; he bore, rather than resisted, the misfortunes that pressed upon him in every shape: the insolence of the bigoted and revengeful A'Becket, more fatal to him after his well-merited death even than during his detested life, and

the ingratitude of the brood borne to him by the Hecate Eleanor.

The wise, the just, the moderate, the benevolent Henry, doomed his wife to perpetual imprisonment, and cursed her offspring on his death-bed.

In the children* of Rosamond he centered all that remained of his broken affections; and her grave, with the single rose that

> "was shedding there
> Its lonely lustre,"

remained as sacred, and far more dear to him, than the throne of his ancestors.

* Afterwards Richard Longespée, and Geoffry, Archbishop of York.

Rio de Janeiro,
May 1837.

LINES ON

THE PORTRAIT

OF

THE LADY VALLÉTORT AND CHILD.

Joy, Vallétort, to thee! and joy
To her, thy lovely bride!
And health to him, that gentle boy,
Thy house's hope and pride!
Like herald-star that leads the day,
So he; thy eldest born,
Comes with a bright prophetic ray—
The pledge of a new morn!

See, while the quaintly pictured page,
Enchants his infant mind,
What thoughts the mother's heart engage—
What feelings undefined!—
But cheer thee, Lady, infancy
Is Heaven's peculiar care;
Bless'd as his sire the son shall be,
And brave as thou art fair!

The lore a Fielding's* lips have taught,
Is light that shall not set;
Till life, with every virtue fraught,
Repay the filial debt!
His country's honour—God's behest,†
His patriot soul shall wield;
And Valour, with unspotted crest,
Sit radiant on his shield!——

Joy, Vallétort, to thee and thine!
Successive in thy walls,
Brave men shall ever grace thy line,
And beauty light thy halls!
Firm-planted on thy native rock,
In strength shalt thou repose;
Thy sons shall be like England's oak,
Thy daughters like her rose!

* The Viscountess Vallétort, by her mother's side, is of the ancient family of Denbigh, on which the genius of Henry Fielding has conferred additional lustre. See the "Peerage:" also "Graf *v.* Felden Von Hapsbourg," the warlike ancestor of the Austrian family, and of the Fieldings of Denbigh and Desmond.

† "Au plaisir fort de Dieu," the family motto.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

BY R. BERNAL, ESQ. M.P.

THE combined attractions of romantic scenery, a healthful atmosphere, and agreeable society, induced me, some few years back, to become a temporary resident in a provincial town in a distant part of France. I had the advantage of being received on friendly terms by many families in the neighbourhood: and the circumstance of there being a well ordered and frequented *table d'hôte* in the place, to which I often resorted, afforded me convenience and amusement.

Amongst the different persons I occasionally met there, I had formed acquaintance with a gentleman, whom I may be permitted to name, for the present purpose, as Eugène Lancreville. He was a man whom strangers could not easily avoid noticing—tall, and well-proportioned in figure, with handsome features, and unpretending manners, his first appearance naturally produced a favourable impression, which was weakened by a more careful examination of the details of his countenance. A deep scar traversed his right cheek, from the forehead to the corner of the mouth, imparting to the features an expression decidedly harsh and sinister. Sometimes he was silent and abstracted, almost to sullenness; whilst at others,

his conversation was powerful and instructive, displaying the results of attentive and varied reading, and of extensive experience, derived from scenes of stirring life and adventure. Although he was generally communicative to me on most subjects, yet I could not but remark, that he never, upon any occasion, referred to the pursuits or employment of his former life, and that he cautiously abstained from every allusion to his own personal career. In age he could not have exceeded forty years: and while the embrowned hue of his face, and the wound which had disfigured it, might lead to the conjecture of his having been connected with the military profession, he always evaded the inquiry, however skilfully it was addressed to him.

Lancreville was in habits of considerable intimacy with a family to whom I was a frequent visitor. Monsieur de Mérac, a landed proprietor of respectability and reputed wealth, lived, with a son and daughter, in the immediate vicinity of the town. At his house I had continually met Lancreville, who stood in the relation of the acknowledged suitor of Mademoiselle Josephine de Mérac. Of the manner and period of his first introduction to this family I was ignorant, beyond having casually heard that Lancreville had rendered some essential service to Auguste de Mérac, the son, in a matter of importance, when they were both in Paris.

De Mérac, the son, who was much younger than Lancreville, had the reputation of being reckless and dissipated, and of having been the cause of pain and trouble to his relatives. His sister, Josephine, was a

lovely and accomplished girl, interesting from the artlessness of her character, which the retirement of her domestic life had preserved in all its freshness and reality, under the watchful solicitude of an affectionate parent. It was a subject of surprise to me how Lancreville could have obtained any place in the affections of Josephine de Mérac. Disparity of years — the striking dissimilitude of character—would commonly have been regarded as obstacles in the way of such reciprocity of sentiment. The one was a man of reserved and unbending habits, almost to sternness, upon whom the collision of a former intercourse with the world had left an impress at times repulsive and mysterious. The other was a lively girl, blooming in all the beauty of youth and innocence, whose buoyant animation and confidence were alone controlled by the native purity of her disposition. But so it was; the thoughtful and gloomy Lancreville, at the side of Mademoiselle de Mérac, became the anxious and impassioned lover, fretful and jealous of the chance of any interference in the path of his pursuit. To do him justice, it must be allowed that the young lady appeared to be sincerely attached to him; and I well knew Lancreville's powers of conversation, which, when he was in a mood to shake off reserve and restraint, carried, like a torrent, every thing before them. There was also in his favour, the additional advantage of the marked countenance afforded to him by the father and brother, over whom he appeared to hold some kind of influence.

Lancreville was not a favourite with either the

male or female members of the families composing the society of the neighbourhood. Nobody pretended to know any thing about his former condition or station in life; while every body was ready and inclined to circulate some little whisper or insinuation to his prejudice. Now, it was a remark upon the indiscretion or blindness of M. de Mérac, in permitting the attentions to his daughter of an individual totally unknown in the country, and who contributed to the mystery which attended him by the strict silence he preserved respecting his own family, friends, or origin, &c. Then, his intimate connexion with the wild and dissipated Auguste would be commented upon; and hints would be freely thrown out of the probability, nay, certainty, that they had been both engaged in some disgraceful gambling transactions (to use the mildest insinuation) at Paris. All this might, perhaps, have been traced to the petty and ill-natured gossip which is so easily engendered in a provincial town, or to the envy and disappointment naturally excited at witnessing Lancreville's successful progress with the fair Josephine. These rumours — these surmises, in time, began to produce their full weight and effect upon me. I half believed Lancreville to be, at the best, but a crafty fortunehunter, affecting solemnity of demeanour, and a mysterious dignity, for the better disguise of his principles and motives; and it was of universal notoriety, that Mademoiselle de Mérac had an independent income over and above very considerable expectations from her father. Some occasional sparring in argument—some difference in con-

versation, added to the prejudice on my part, which was fast growing to a positive dislike to Lancreville; and I had every reason to believe that the feeling was reciprocal. Whether he misinterpreted the attentions I might have paid to Mademoiselle de Mérac, or that he fancied, or was told, I had listened to the stories circulated to his prejudice, he gradually broke off his usual intercourse with me: and any trifling cause would, as I believed, have stimulated him into open hostility against me.

I had been staying for a few days at M. de Mérac's house, in the autumnal season, for the purpose of shooting over some of the neighbouring estates; and, I must confess, I enjoyed my visit with far greater pleasure, in consequence of Lancreville's absence during the time on some business of his own. One night, during my visit, the family having all retired to rest, the weather was so oppressively sultry, that, finding it impossible to sleep, I rose from my bed, dressing myself as well as I could without the assistance of light; and, having opened the window of my apartment, I drew a chair towards it, with the intention of obtaining relief from the extreme heat. A light breeze had sprung up, the clouds were flitting over the surface of the heavens, partially obscuring the uncertain light which a waning moon at times yielded, whilst occasional electric flashes illuminated, at intervals, the heavy darkness above. It might have been past the hour of midnight, when, half-dosing in my chair, close to the window, I was roused by a noise, which seemed to proceed from the lower

part of the house, near to the angle of the building in which my room was situated. I listened attentively, and heard the sounds repeated and prolonged for several minutes; they resembled those which would be produced both by the filing and wrenching of bolts, or other metallic substances. Suddenly, the noise ceased altogether: I had, in vain, strained my eyes through the open space between an avenue of elms in front of my apartment, but had not been able to discern the presence of any living creature. Once, I imagined that I caught the sounds of suppressed voices; and I hesitated as to alarming the family, because no such crime as direct robbery had, for many years, been attempted in the district. As I still kept my post at the open window, I heard the sound of footsteps below; and, at the same moment, by the fortunate occurrence of a wide and brilliant sheet of lightning, I was enabled to see, distinctly, a man cautiously turning the corner of the mansion. What was my astonishment at beholding, during this partial and momentary illumination of the atmosphere, the figure and features of Lancreville! He did not see me; but, in my surprise and eagerness at the instant, I struck my hand against the frame of the window, and caused a noise which must have reached his ears, for he instantly quickened his steps, and ran down the avenue in front.

I felt quite bewildered with conjectures as to the cause of this singular nocturnal appearance of Lancreville: I had not, before, any reason to believe that he had returned from his journey, and the remainder

of the night was passed by me in indulging in a variety of fanciful speculations on the subject. When morning arrived, and the usual hour of breakfast approached, I felt doubtful as to the necessity or propriety of mentioning to the family the occurrence of the preceding night. I found only Mademoiselle de Mérac in the breakfast-room; her brother had, by a note, apprised her that he was gone into the town to pass the day, and we waited somewhat beyond the accustomed time for her father. We were on the point of sending for M. de Mérac, when he made his appearance, in a state of great agitation. In hurried language, he informed us, that during the night a robbery had been effected, of a very large sum of money belonging to him. M. de Mérac had received, two or three days previously, the amount of nearly fifteen thousand francs, in bills of the Bank of France, and in gold. This sum he had deposited in an iron safe, secured by a strong lock and bolts, in a room on the ground-floor, near to the corner of the building; and, before retiring to bed, he had opened the safe, and satisfied himself as to the contents being therein. He could not, in any way, account for so unheard-of a violation of domestic security—thefts of importance, or crimes of violence, being quite rare events in the neighbourhood. M. de Mérac resolved to proceed, without delay, to the *bureau* of police of the district; and before his departure, I acquainted him with my having been disturbed by odd sounds and footsteps in the night; but I carefully abstained from making any mention of the fact of my having seen Lancreville. Perhaps this

was an error, or a defect of judgment, on my part; but the motive, inducing my concealment and silence, was not an unworthy one: I disliked Lancreville, and of this the family were thoroughly aware; and would it not have appeared to them, if I had communicated all that had occurred, either that I had been dreaming, or that, in relating a fact, I had the intention of gratifying my spleen, by endeavouring to connect the appearance of Lancreville (however unintelligibly) with the outrage of the preceding night?

I will not say what did repeatedly pass through my mind, in my ruminations upon the matter: in truth, much as I was prejudiced against Lancreville, I was ashamed of the turn which my thoughts took upon the occasion.

I went to my lodgings in the town in the course of the morning, and meeting M. de Mérac, I found that he had been unable to discover any clue as to the perpetrator of this singular theft: in fact, the police were as much surprised and at fault as he was.

Dining at the *table d'hôte* on that day, I met Lancreville, a few minutes before the dinner hour. Our salutations were but coldly interchanged. He said that he was going over to De Mérac's in the evening; that he had returned on the preceding night from his journey, and, not being very well, had not been over to De Mérac's before. I could not help inwardly wondering, how any one, not being in health and coming off a journey, should yet at midnight adopt the singular remedy of wandering about a private demesne in the dark, and running away, like

a culprit, when surprised by any interruption. But I did not drop the slightest hint of my having witnessed his nocturnal rambles, and contented myself with the simple question,—if he was aware of the robbery committed on M. de Mérac? I was certain that Lancreville changed colour upon the inquiry: he appeared confused, and in an abrupt manner replied, that he had heard some account of it, but should expect to receive further particulars from M. de Mérac. Lancreville was not disposed to prolong the conversation, and which thus terminated just before we were summoned to dinner. I took my seat at the table, more suspicious than ever of the real character of Lancreville, and fully convinced in my own mind that he was, directly or indirectly, concerned in the transaction of the last night.

It should have been mentioned, that an old and valued friend of mine had then lately arrived (and during Lancreville's absence) in that part of the country, on a visit to some relations in the town,—Colonel Bécroy, a very distinguished French officer, who had earned, and hardly too, an honourable reputation in the many and arduous campaigns which France had sustained under the sway of Napoleon. His rank and honours had been confirmed upon the accession of Louis XVIII.; and the colonel had then, for some time past, retired altogether from service. I was delighted to meet him so unexpectedly, and he had accepted the invitation to dine with me on that same day at our *table d'hôte*. The colonel came a short time after we had taken our seats. He was a fine specimen of an old and

gallant *militaire*, full of anecdote and *bonhomie*. I could not but observe, that, during the repast, Colonel Bécroy was particularly silent, and that every now and then he fixed his looks inquiringly upon Lancreville, as if in doubt; but no symptom of recognition was in any manner manifested by Lancreville. When the dinner was finished, the colonel and I walked together to my lodgings in the town; and, in the way, I rallied him upon his unusual silence at table. "*Ah! mon cher*," he replied, "who, in the name of Heaven, was that man with a scar across his right cheek, at the end of the room?"

"Monsieur Eugène Lancreville," I answered.

"Lancreville—Lancreville," the colonel repeated, partly speaking to himself, and muttering "no—no—that's not the name—nothing at all like it; but that scar, that face, that expression of the eyes, I cannot forget them. Who or what is he?" he exclaimed.

"My good friend, I am quite ignorant; nor could I ever learn who or what he is," was my reply.

Colonel Bécroy's curiosity was not so easily appeased; he never ceased questioning me about the party, in every possible way. The only information I could supply, were the circumstances of his being received at the house of M. de Mérac as the suitor of his daughter—the various rumours which had been circulated respecting Lancreville—his singularly uncertain and reserved habits.

That some reflection of moment pressed upon the colonel's mind, was evident; and it was now my turn to ply him with inquiries. My friend kept repeating

over and over again, as if to himself, in a fit of meditation, "Strange — most singular!" At last, he requested me, when I saw Lancreville again, to lead the conversation, if possible, to the topic of past wars, and to ask him, if he (Lancreville) had been present at the battle of Smolensko: the colonel promising me, in return, when I reported Lancreville's answer to him, to let me fully into confidence as to the reasons of his surprise and request.

We parted for the evening. Now, the matter of my friend's request was not so easy to accomplish. The terms on which Lancreville and I had been, of late, were by no means of a social nature; and how, and in what manner, was I to take the liberty of addressing to him so odd a question?

However, on the following forenoon, it rather luckily happened that I met Lancreville at a *salon de billard*, in the town. He appeared in a more cheerful mood than usual, accosting me with unwonted courtesy. We conversed on trifling matters, and, on his making a remark upon a detachment of soldiers who were then marching through the town, I took the opportunity of connecting the remark with the subjects of some engravings of Napoleon's victories, which hung round the room, and said, "Excuse me, Monsieur Lancreville; but I am sure you must have seen much service. Were you not at the battle of Smolensko?"

I shall never forget the expression of Lancreville's countenance at the time. His bronzed cheeks became almost pallid; whether from surprise, or anger, I could

not understand. Turning upon me a look almost of defiance, he replied, deliberately and tauntingly, "Supposing, sir, that I was at the battle of Smolensko—or supposing that I was not—in what does it concern you, or why am I bound to gratify your curiosity?"

I replied, that, of course, I had no right to ask any question which he might object to answer; that, in itself, the inquiry was a harmless one, and not intended to be offensive. Lancreville bowed stiffly, and expressing that the explanation was sufficient, took up his hat and quitted the *salon* at once.

I was not well pleased with his tone or manner; nor was I satisfied with myself, in having thus yielded to Colonel Bécroy's request, and exposed myself to the chance of an affront. I immediately went to my friend, and informed him of the result of my mission, and of Lancreville's singular manner, &c.; and, under some feeling of irritation, I begged his advice, whether I should pursue the matter further. Bécroy laughed at the idea of my taking any notice of the tone or answer of Lancreville; but, almost in the same breath, he shouted out, "I knew it—I was certain—I could not be mistaken—*sacré fripon!*—it is he—it must be Leitzen!"

"What do you mean, Bécroy? Don't trifle with me."

"Listen, *mon ami*, and I will now tell you all."—But I will give the substance of the colonel's statement. In the month of August, in the year 1812, at the close of the bloody engagement which had

taken place between the French and the Russians at Smolensko, when the retreating columns of the Russian army had retired from the field of battle; Bécroy, then a captain of grenadiers of the guard, was stationed with a party of his regiment at the extremity of the town, where the slaughter had been rife, for the purpose of removing such of the unfortunate wounded who might still be lying where they had fallen. It was nearly dark, and frequent stragglers, like harpies, were prowling about the ground in search of prey and plunder — Bécroy, to his astonishment, perceived at some little distance, a man in the uniform of a lieutenant of French infantry of the line, kneeling on the ground and intently engaged in the flagrant act of rifling the pockets of one of the slain that lay thickly around. Bécroy was shocked and petrified at witnessing the commission of so disgraceful and unprecedented an outrage on the part of an officer, who was so eager in the execution of his work of pillage as not to be aware of his being watched and observed. He was carefully noticed by Bécroy; his tall stature, striking features, a severe and recent gash then bleeding profusely on his right cheek — all united to fix indelibly in Bécroy's memory the person of the criminal. If Bécroy had, at the moment, had fire-arms at hand, he undoubtedly would have fired at him without hesitation; but having only his sabre, and being himself wounded in the leg, he was not able to reach the spot quickly. His soldiers were dispersed at some little distance. On his calling out loudly, the pillager, who appeared to have completed

his task, suddenly started up and ran off from that part of the field. Bécroy called to his men to pursue him: the offender outstripped his pursuers; but they having given the alarm, and a description of his person to others, he was, in the course of the night, apprehended and committed to the custody of a military guard. It turned out that this person was actually a lieutenant in the French army, by name Antoine Leitzen; that he had, though a young man, not only fought gallantly in that action, in which he was severely wounded in the face, but had distinguished himself on many former occasions.

The evidence of Captain Bécroy would have been so direct and positive, that, however incredible it might appear that such a turpitude should have been committed by a French officer, Leitzen would most certainly have been shot on the following morning, had he not, that very same night, in the confusion and bustle consequent on the termination of a hard and sanguinary contest, effected his escape from custody.

From that period, though the event was much talked of in that division of the army at the time, Leitzen had never been heard of; till, in the person of Eugène Lancreville, my friend had recognised and now clearly identified the guilty pillager of Smolensko.

I then, without further hesitation, detailed to my friend the singular occurrences which had taken place at M. de Mérac's house, and what I myself had witnessed; and we both came to the positive conclusion that Lancreville was a participator in the robbery; and that the villain who could plunder the dead or

dying in the field of battle, would as readily become the hardened robber preying systematically on society. It was agreed between us, that it was our duty at once to acquaint M. de Mérac with the true character of the swindler he had so indiscreetly fostered, and that afterwards proper means should be taken to hand Lancreville over to the care of the police.

We accordingly went to the house of M. de Mérac, whom we found in some trouble, owing to the prolonged and unaccounted-for absence of his son. Before we opened our business to him, he mentioned to us that the *gendarmerie* had arrested a suspicious person calling himself Pierre Brêsse, who was strongly implicated in the course of his first examination in the charge of being a party to the robbery at M. de Mérac's.

My friend, the colonel, then quietly narrated his story to M. de Mérac, giving the plainest and most striking reasons for his belief of the identity of Lancreville and Leitzen, while I administered the *coup de grâce*, by relating what I had both seen and heard on the night of the robbery. M. de Mérac appeared staggered and much distressed, yet he was almost unwilling to admit the guilt of Lancreville decisively; and though having no one argument to oppose in his defence, he yet entreated that we should not take any adverse proceeding until he had seen Lancreville.

We were hesitating what reply to return to this proposition, whether one of compliance or dissent, when, most unexpectedly, Lancreville himself entered the apartment.

We were all taken by surprise, but Lancreville alone preserved a coolness of demeanour perfectly

miraculous under the circumstances. Addressing M. de Mérac, he said,—

"I understand, sir, Pierre Brêsse has been apprehended; and it is necessary I should have a few minutes' private conversation with you."

De Mérac immediately acceded to his demand, and they left the room together. In their absence, the colonel cried out,—

"*Parbleu!* that fellow's impudence exceeds any thing I ever witnessed; and M. de Mérac's folly and infatuation are lamentable!"

De Mérac and Lancreville returned to us. The former was absorbed in bitter grief; in fact, the tears were coursing down his cheeks without restraint.

"I am a wretched, an unfortunate father!" were his first words, uttered in tones of heavy affliction.

We knew not what to think, what to say.

"Gentlemen," continued De Mérac, "there is no chance, no utility for any further attempt at concealment; my ruined and abandoned son was guilty of the robbery of his father! To this friend (turning to Lancreville) I was indebted, on a former occasion, for the rescue of my son's honour and character, and even now he has done all in his power to avert the ruin to which Auguste is destined; can I then credit the charges you have levelled against him?" pointing to Lancreville, M. de Mérac added, with considerable emotion.

The colonel was perfectly at a loss what to urge, or what to reply; when Lancreville, slowly and deliberately, and with an unaffected and dignified calmness, exclaimed,—

"Yes, gentlemen, I am Antoine Leitzen, and I

was present at the battle of Smolensko. Yes, Colonel Bécroy, you did, indeed, recognise me in the act of searching the clothes of one of my comrades who had fallen on that day; not for the base purpose of pillage, but, I will avow it without evasion, for the recovery of papers and documents which might have affected the lives of myself and of many brave companions in arms. The time of danger is now past; and I may own, that though so young then, I was a sincere and ardent republican in principles, that I was a sworn member of a secret society entertaining extreme doctrines, and which was numerously composed of many officers and sub-officers of the army. Plans had been organised, lists of names had been enrolled, and many of these documents (which I recovered) were on the person of the officer, one of our secretaries, who was killed at the taking of Smolensko. My escape from custody was contrived through the agency of some of my brother conspirators; I quitted France, assumed a false name, and have wandered since over many parts of the world, never, I trust, dishonouring the uniform I once bore. Upon my return to my native country, some two or three years back, I was fearful of appearing under my own name, as I heard that *militaires* even, who had been hostile to the rule of the emperor, from republican feelings, were under the strict surveillance of the police. My late journey was to Paris, where, by the interest of friends, I succeeded in satisfying the police and the authorities that I was not a dangerous subject, that my republican feelings had settled down to those connected with the love of stability and tranquillity, and I have now returned

with the power of safely reappearing as Antoine Leitzen: for the rest, I can refer you to my kind friend, M. de Mérac. Let me conclude by expressing that I freely forgive all your natural, though unmerited suspicions."

Bécroy was quite astonished; I felt greatly humbled and abashed. M. de Mérac recovering himself, briefly related to us that his son, being a dissipated and unprincipled gambler, though an agreeable and clever companion, had, in the preceding year, at Paris, met with heavy losses at the gaming-table; and, in the excitement consequent thereon, had actually taken by stealth a large sum in gold, part of the property of the bank, at such table; that Leitzen, who was then present on the occasion more as the Mentor of Auguste de Mérac, had prevented the exposure of the youth, by himself repaying the money to the injured party.

M. de Mérac further stated, that on Leitzen's late return from his last journey to Paris, he had by chance discovered that a low gambler and sharper, of notorious reputation, Pierre Brêsse, had made his appearance in the neighbourhood, and had been seen in company with Auguste de Mérac. Leitzen well knew the character of Brêsse, and that Auguste de Mérac had, on a former occasion, been concerned in a very disreputable transaction with the fellow. Leitzen at once suspected that no good purpose could result from these two parties now meeting together. On the night of his return, some little matter had chanced to confirm still further his suspicions, and he had hastened privately to De Mérac's house in order to avert the evil consequences he apprehended. Then and there,

unseen by the guilty parties, he actually witnessed the commission of the robbery by the united means of Brêsse and young De Mérac. Leitzen then decided upon endeavouring to reason with Auguste de Mérac, and to force Brêsse by threats to give up his share of the plunder, when, by my unintentional interference, an alarm was caused which hastened the dispersion of all three; Leitzen still remaining unobserved by the two criminal companions. Before Leitzen could take any measures for the benefit of M. de Mérac's family, the son made off from the country, and Brêsse's arrest took place.

At the close of this explanation, Colonel Bécroy, advancing to Leitzen, said, in a firm, but kind tone, "*Mon brave!* I alone have wronged you! I confess my fault, but you have made me ashamed of myself. Give me satisfaction, therefore, by accepting my hand, and honouring me with your friendship."

The colonel and Leitzen embraced, we all shook hands heartily, and united in our efforts and endeavours to console M. de Mérac as much as possible. It was settled that no charge should be prosecûted against Brêsse, he privately promising to leave the country, and to be silent upon the whole matter. Auguste de Mérac had reached Bordeaux; nothing more was said by the family about the robbery; exposure was averted, and Auguste found his way from Bordeaux to America.

The colonel and I remained long enough in our country quarters to be present at the wedding of Leitzen with the pretty Josephine de Mérac.

One valuable lesson I derived from my little ad-

venture—never to interfere voluntarily in other people's affairs, and never to ask impertinent or unnecessary questions.

THE CONVICT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS."

NATURE, one Christmas time, was seen
To enter in a mighty rock,
Which served her as a magazine,
To take the value of her stock.

Conceive her tremours and alarms,
When from the part most rich and rare,
She missed a hoard of female charms,
Enough to form a thousand fair!

To Love the goddess quickly flew,
And made a most prodigious stir,
Declaring she was sure he knew
The person who had pillaged her.

Love vowed, in pity to her wo,
He would not see her thus bereft:
And speeding straight to one I know,
Abruptly charged her with the theft.

The trembling maid denied with grief,
But Cupid's judgment is most sound;
"'Tis plain," he cried, "that you're the thief,
For, *on you all the goods are found!*"

The Viscountess Powerscourt

ON

THE PORTRAIT

OF

THE VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT.

BY B. DISRAELI, ESQ. M.P.

A VALLEY of green hills, with circling shade,
Closing the world from contemplation's view,
Save at one gentle entrance, where the glade
Spreads into rich champaign, with many a hue
Of azure mountains bounded, and arrayed
In promised harvests, such as prophets drew,
In radiant visions of that teeming land,
Vowed to the labours of the sacred band
When wandering in the desert. From the brow
Robed with the spreading oak, a tall cascade—
Tall, and yet delicate, as if it played
For beauty, not for power—forth gushes now
With summer strength; and, with voluptuous ease,
Reviving, not destroying, the fresh trees
That stir their graceful branches to its flow,
As they would hail some renovating breeze
Making their glowing beauty still more glow!

Fair scene! yet fairer at this noontide hour,
When from the stately palace of her race,—
Fresh as the fragrance of some unculled flower
That is not half so sweet as her bright face,—
Forth comes, in all the pride of beauty's power,
The gentle POWERSCOURT with airy grace;
Bearing some treasured tome, with pensive mien,
To muse upon its music mid the scene.

SONG.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

I JUDGED thee by my own fond heart,
And trusted thy fidelity;
For sooner I with life could part,
Than e'en in thought be false to thee!

I dreamt thy love resembled mine,
Ever unchanging, fond, devoted;
But, ah! a transient flame was thine,
Whilst I, alas! deluded—doated!

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"I HAVE ordered the curricle to be at the door at four; and I hope you will not disappoint me again, Emily, as you have so frequently done of late, for I have set my heart on driving you to-day."

"You know, dear Algernon, what pleasure I always have in being with you."

"Why, so you say; but really, Emily, I begin to doubt your assertion on this point, for you have always some excuse for not riding or driving with me, when I ask you."

"Now, this reproach is unkind, Algernon."

"Yet, nevertheless, it is true."

"But you know, dearest, the fault has not been mine — the poor dear baby really *has* been looking pale of late; and I, consequently, am uneasy when he is out of my sight."

"You bear my being out of your sight, however, Emily, with great equanimity; more so, indeed, than is flattering to my vanity: but the truth is, since you have become a mother, you seem to have forgotten that you are a wife."

"How can you make so unjust an assertion, knowing, as you do, that never did a wife more fondly love a husband than I love you—cruel, unkind Algernon!"

"I do not wish to give you pain: nay, do not weep, Emily, but hear me patiently. Have I, ever since our boy was born, now some three months ago, been able to enjoy a tranquil hour of your society? When you are not in the nursery, from which you are seldom absent an hour, your whole thoughts and conversation are engrossed by the baby. If the poor little fellow looks a little more red in the face than usual, you think him feverish, and flushed; if pale, then you pronounce him to be suffering. At one moment, you fancy him cutting his teeth; and the next, you tremble at the idea of some one of the hundred maladies incidental to infants, and which you imagine him to be labouring under."

"I did not expect, Algernon, that you would have the harshness to blame me for loving our child; I did not think——"

"Now, Emily, you really provoke me! Is there no medium in a mother's love? Are her whole time and thoughts to be surrendered to this one egotistical passion, while all other duties are neglected, or forgotten?"

"I was not aware that I neglected any duties; and the maternal one, I have been led to consider the most sacred of all."

"I am willing to admit its claims, but not to the total oblivion of all other obligations. As a husband,

have I not a right to your society? As a master of a house, am I not privileged to demand the devotion of some portion of it for the DUTIES of hospitality? Yet, do you not daily leave me alone whole hours, while you sit in the nursery, and find some pretext against receiving company each time I propose it? If I read to you, you start up in the most interesting passage, thinking you hear the child cry, though it would require the lungs of a Stentor to be heard from his nursery in the library. If I tell you some piece of news that would formerly have amused you, you look *distraite*, or ask me some question that has a reference to the child. With every disposition to make allowance for the natural fondness of a young mother for her first-born, and to indulge my paternal affection, I really feel my domestic comfort so much impaired, that I am sometimes fearful I shall view the cause of this change in you with some portion of the dissatisfaction that the effect produces in my mind."

"Good Heavens, Algernon! how can you blame me for loving this cherub? Who could resist the darling's smiles?"

"I can judge little of his smiles, Emily, for the urchin has been generally screaming when I have happened to see him."

A paroxysm of tears was the only reply the young mother vouchsafed to make to this remark, but no answer could so eloquently appeal to the father's feelings. He wiped the tears from her fair cheeks, nay, kissed the lids on which they still trembled; while she, casting an imploring look at him, uttered,

between rising sobs,—"Do not! oh, do not, Algernon, say that my darling is cross! Mrs. Spencer, the month-nurse, my maid, and his nurse too, declare *they* never, never saw such a dear angelic babe in their lives, so quiet and sweet-tempered."

"And so, I dare be sworn, good fussy Mrs. Spencer has told every mother, of every child she has given pap to for the last thirty years. The evidence of your *femme de chambre*, and our boy's nurse, is equally liable to suspicion."

"Now, Algernon, you are so incredulous, and, I must say, so ill-natured!"

"Well, my own Emily, if it be any comfort to you, I am quite ready to admit that our little fellow is not more addicted to crying than children of his age in general are. But, then, you must concede one point to me, and that is, that his lungs are more powerful."

"Thank God that they are so; for I tremble when I hear Lady Melthorp's poor little boy cry: his tones are so feeble as to indicate weakness of the chest; while ours ——"

"Screams like a boatswain, you would say: *n'est-ce pas?*"

"No, I would say no such thing; I would say that his voice is so sonorous, so manly, as to prove his strength and pulmonary force!"

"Well, Emily, will you, or will you not, leave him for the enormous space of two or three hours to the care of his nurse and her *suivantes*, and drive with me?"

"Yes, Algernon, you may count on me."

" Now, you are my own good Emily of other days. Adieu, dearest, I shall be at the door in the curricle precisely at four. *Au revoir!*" And he kissed his wife's fair brow with as much fondness as in his first bridal days.

Punctually at four he was at the door, when, instead of seeing her arrive, a little twisted billet was handed to him by his wife's footman. He had so often received so many similar missives of late, always conveying excuses for some appointment broken, or party deranged, that he disliked the very sight of one; and he tore this open, with no little impatience and vexation. As usual, it contained her regrets for not being able to accompany him, " but, really, the poor dear baby seemed so restless and uneasy, that she had thought it necessary to send for Dr. Wilbraham, and could not bring herself to leave the suffering angel."

While he perused this note, Dr. Wilbraham himself was seen descending the steps of the door, and, to the questions of the father, replied,—

" Pooh, pooh! my lord, the child has nothing whatever the matter with him; you must really prevent her ladyship from sending off for me when there is not the slightest occasion for my presence, for it interferes extremely with my engagements. The child is a healthy child, my lord; but he will render his mother any thing but healthy, if you do not prevent her tormenting herself all day, and every day, with some fancy about him."

Lord Mordaunt stepped from the curricle, bounded lightly up the stairs, and, as he expected, found his

wife in the nursery, seated by the side of the cot in which their infant was sleeping. The nurse, with a face of alarm, bending over, and her assistant looking as stupidly frightened as she thought the circumstances of the case required. Lady Mordaunt's pale face formed a contrast to the rosy one of the slumbering child, and her beautiful eyes bore traces of recent tears. Lord Mordaunt might have pitied her, had it not been for the communication of Dr. Wilbraham; but with that still fresh in his mind, and the irritation of the disappointment still rankling, he felt more disposed to reprehend than commiserate her anxiety.

"I have seen Dr. Wilbraham, Emily," said he, "and he has confirmed my foregone conclusion, that nothing is the matter with the child."

"Dr. Wilbraham is an unfeeling man!" replied Lady Mordaunt, with a degree of asperity very unusual to her; "and I am convinced my sweet boy *is* unwell. Only look how flushed he is!"

"He will become less flushed," said the father, "if the free current of air that ought to circulate round his cot, is not impeded by three persons standing so close to it."

At this hint the nurse and her assistant withdrew to the far side of the chamber, but Lady Mordaunt still bent over the cot.

"Look, Algernon," she whispered, "see how he smiles: it is asserted that infants are generally suffering when they smile in their sleep."

"And so you say they are when they cry," interrupted Lord Mordaunt; "and then I am disposed

to agree with you in opinion. *You* look far more unwell than that little chubby fellow; so, let me counsel you to leave him to finish his slumber, and enjoy his dreams, which are evidently pleasant, and come with me a few miles into the country, that you may breathe a little fresh air."

This time Lady Mordaunt yielded to the wishes of her lord, for she perceived symptoms of impatience and dissatisfaction in his countenance and manner, that rendered her unwilling to still further excite his displeasure. In driving through the streets they passed a baby-linen warehouse; and the fond mother, who had been hitherto silent and abstracted, exclaimed, "Oh, what beautiful caps! what an exquisite robe! Do, dear Algernon, let me stop and buy it for our darling!"

"Really, Emily, you must excuse me; you know I hate shopping, and a curricle is not a carriage the best suited for such occupations. You can come in the chariot, and without me, another day."

In the next street, a silversmith's shop attracted her attention; and, forgetful of her husband's declared dislike to shopping, she eagerly expressed her desire to stop, that he might assist her in the selection of a coral and bells for their dear boy. She was "sure that the flushing of the cheeks of the sweet little fellow arose from dentition having commenced, and she wished to lose no time in giving him a coral and bells."

Again Lord Mordaunt declined complying with her wishes, and, perhaps, in doing so, betrayed some

indications of petulance: however that might have been, she became silent and abstracted, until he, piqued by her taciturnity, said, "What can you be thinking of, Emily?"

"I was thinking," replied she, with a sweet and artless smile, which at once disarmed his impatience, "that, in four years from this time, I shall be asking you to give our boy a Shetland pony, like that which Lord Hawthorndale has bought for his son."

There was no resisting this *naïve* avowal of her thoughts, and her husband more than smiled while he demanded, "Whether she had not yet thought of the boy's departure for Eton, and future entrance at Christ Church?"

"Thought of it!" repeated Lady Mordaunt, pensively; "ah, Algernon! you little imagine how often I have thought of — nay, dreamed of it, and the anticipation fills me with chagrin; but I trust that, by accustoming myself to reflect on it, I shall become more reconciled to the inevitable separation when it arrives."

Lady Mordaunt was so gentle and sweet-tempered, that her husband, though piqued by her devoting the whole of her time and thoughts to their child, could not persevere in censuring her weakness when he saw that his reflections on it gave her pain; but, finding that he could no longer look for companionship with his wife, unless he consented to act the part of second nurse, he took to frequenting the clubs, which, since his marriage, he had seldom entered; and went into female society, where he

was at first amused, and afterwards became interested. This new career very naturally led to the establishment of a flirtation with a lady who devoted so little of her time or thoughts to her children, as to have no inconsiderable portion of both at the service of any man of fashion who administered to her vanity by his attentions. Lady Mordaunt, happy in being left, unmolested by the complaints or sarcasms of her husband, to pass the whole of her hours with her child, never suspected that she owed this indulgence to his having found consolation for the want of her society elsewhere. When they met, which was now but seldom, she had a thousand particulars to relate to him of "dear little Algernon."

"He could crow; yes, positively he could crow!"

"And what the deuce does that mean?" asked Lord Mordaunt. "Enlighten me, Emily; for I am not peculiarly well skilled in nursery phraseology."

"Oh, crowing is the dearest, sweetest sound in the world! something between speaking and laughing; and while Algy crows, he chuckles and——"

"Don't say he chuckles, I beseech you, Emily; it is a horrid word, and a horrid action. Why, Lord Mappleton is always chuckling, and that abominable fat Sir John Meadowway, and half the other disagreeable people that one knows, are everlastingly chuckling."

"But our boy's chuckling is quite another thing! Oh, you should see him! you should hear him, Algernon; do let me bring him to you!"

And away glided the young mother, who quickly

returned, bearing in her arms a fine, fat, rosy-cheeked boy, who grasped the silken ringlets of her hair in his dimpled fingers, and laughed in her face as he strained them still more vigorously. It was a beautiful picture to see that young and lovely creature, herself scarcely yet arrived at woman's age, looking with love-beaming eyes at her child, and exultingly shewing him to his father: and Lord Mordaunt felt the beauty of the picture, and drew mother and child within his arms, and pressed them to his heart with a livelier sense of affection than he had for many months experienced; but, unfortunately, the child, who was not accustomed to see his father, or to be embraced, except by his mother or nurse, burst into a loud and piercing cry, and bedewed his mother's robe and bosom with his tears.

"Take him away, take him away!" exclaimed Lord Mordaunt, piqued at being treated as a stranger by his child; "I hate cross children!"

"Indeed, Algernon, he is *not* a cross child; he only cries because he sees you so seldom, and ——"

"*You* do well to reproach me, Emily! you who drove me from my home by allowing that little screaming urchin to engross all your time and thoughts; in fact, to convert you into an upper nurse!"

"Reproach you! oh, Algernon! how can you be so unjust, so cruel, as to say so?" and here Lady Mordaunt's tears mingled with those of her child. Her husband left the room, a prey to that ill-humour which never fails to result from the consciousness of

error. He would have been glad to have found an excuse for it in the reproaches of his wife, which he felt aware he had merited; but her gentleness and uncomplaining sweetness angered him, by aggravating his sense of his own misconduct. Still, her beautiful face bathed in tears, and her appeal against the injustice and cruelty of his accusation of having reproached him, dwelt in his mind, and more than once was he tempted to return to the room he had so abruptly left, and seek a reconciliation with her.

It was under the influence of such feelings that, in passing through Grosvenor Square, he encountered the carriage of the lady who had lately engrossed so much of his time. The check-string was quickly pulled; the prancing steeds nearly thrown on their haunches, by the alacrity with which the coachman obeyed the somewhat impatient signal of his mistress; two tall footmen rapidly presented themselves at the door of the carriage, at the same moment that Lord Mordaunt approached it. They quickly fell back, while he, in no very good humour, listened to a torrent of queries and reproaches, for not having come at his usual hour to pay his diurnal visit. The contrast between this imperious and querulous woman, and the gentle, yet sensitive one, whose tears he had so lately caused to flow, and left without uttering even a word of affection to soothe, never struck him so forcibly before; and, as if to render the contrast still more complete, the lady, having exhausted her complaints of his negligence and rudeness, commenced a history of her domestic annoyances.

"I have been bored to extinction," said she, "ever since I saw you last. One of the children has been taken ill with some one of the innumerable diseases to which these little animals are subject; and their wise father, who enacts the *rôle* of head nurse, has taken it into his head to fancy it a very serious illness. We have had no less than three physicians called in; and they, of course, pronounce the malady to be of a dangerous nature, as they always do on such occasions, in order to enhance the merit of the cure."

Lord Mordaunt felt a sentiment approaching to loathing, as he looked at the handsome woman before him, and listened to her expressions of unnatural indifference to her child, and remembered the doting mother whose excessive affection for her offspring he had so often censured.

"There is nothing so tiresome as those little creatures," resumed Lady Dorrington, "with their never-ceasing maladies; except it be their father, who turns the house into an hospital whenever they get ill. It is so very trying to my nerves, particularly"—and she looked languishingly at him—"as I have not been well of late. Lord Dorrington wants me to put off my ball for to-morrow night, as if that could cure the tiresome child; but really I cannot, now that all the preparations are completed."

It was with difficulty that he could conceal the disgust that every word she uttered excited in his mind; and he pleaded business for abridging the monologue of her grievances. And this was the woman he had preferred to his fair and gentle wife!

How did her gross egotism and selfishness disgust him! and how did he blame his own weakness, which led him to accord her the preference!

While this scene was passing in Grosvenor Square, one of a different nature was taking place in his own house. Mrs. Percival, the aunt of Lady Mordaunt, had surprised that lady in tears, a few minutes after her husband had so abruptly quitted her; and believing her agitation to have been caused by a discovery of the entanglement of Lord Mordaunt with Lady Dorrington, which had now become a subject of animadversion in the circle in which they moved, she incautiously used some expressions that revealed to Lady Mordaunt the painful fact, that her husband had found consolation abroad, for the loss of her society at home.

"You may well weep, Emily," said her well-meaning, but not sensitive aunt; "for, be assured, it was your own unreasonable conduct in permitting yourself to be so wholly engrossed by your child, that drove Lord Mordaunt to seek female society in any other house than his own. The experiment is a dangerous one; but, perhaps, it is not yet too late to remedy its result. Tears are inefficacious; smiles, though difficult to be worn on such trials, are more likely to win back the truant to his home, and, therefore, I earnestly advise their adoption. It is at all times the duty of a wife, by gentleness and patience, to lead her husband to a return to the path of duty; but it becomes still more imperiously so, when an error on her part has occasioned his transgression."

Bitterly did Lady Mordaunt now deplore her own

unthinking conduct, in having alienated her husband from his home. Well did she remember the representations he had unavailingly made on her infatuation; and as jealousy, for the first time, sent its envenomed pangs through her hitherto unsuspecting heart, she felt that her love for her boy was not so passionate as that which now agonised her for his father. But though grieved, deeply grieved, by the discovery she had made, there was no anger in her sorrow. Hers was a nature more prone to suffer acutely from wounded affection, than to resent the injury. Now did she recall to memory the anger with which her conscious husband accused her of reproaching him, when she simply meant to explain why the child cried; and fervently did she determine never to utter a word that could offend him; and henceforth, if she should be so fortunate as to lure him back to his home, to devote only those hours to her child which Lord Mordaunt's avocations left at her disposal.

She wondered, at present, that the veil was removed from her eyes, how she could have been so unthinking as not to have reflected on the danger to which she was exposing her happiness, in disgusting so fastidious a man as her husband with his own domestic circle. But she remembered, also—and the recollection sent a thrill of pleasure to her heart,—that he had fondly drawn herself and his child to his heart only that very morning; and there was so much tenderness in the action, and in the manner of it, that she felt his heart was not irretrievably gone from her.

Her aunt left her, satisfied that her advice would be adhered to, and indulging no slight portion of self-

complacency on its forethought and prudence, and the good result it was likely to produce.

Lady Mordaunt, deeply penetrated with a sense of her own imprudence, and most anxious to atone for it, greeted her husband, when she next saw him, with a contrite tenderness, that might have led an observer to imagine that she had a much stronger motive for self-reproach than the one that actuated her present conduct; while he, conscious that his fault, though the natural effect of hers, was of a much deeper dye than the error that occasioned it, was sensibly touched by the gentleness and affection of her reception.

"How is our boy, my own Emily?" asked Lord Mordaunt. "Do let me see the dear little fellow, for I am determined to give him frequent opportunities of getting accustomed to my face,—ay, and to my embraces, too, that he may no more be alarmed at either."

"And I, dearest Algernon," replied the delighted wife, "am determined to be always ready to go with you, where and when you will; if, indeed, you can overlook my folly in having, ever since our boy was born, ceased to be your companion, or to render your home as happy as it ought to be."

She was clasped in her fond husband's arms before she had concluded the sentence; and, from that day, he ceased to maintain any other correspondence with Lady Dorrington than the mere ceremonious one of occasionally leaving a card at her door. Thenceforward, too, Lady Mordaunt, while fulfilling with judicious attention all the duties of a fond mother, never ceased to remember and to discharge those of a wife.

LINES ON

THE PORTRAIT

OF

LADY WILHELMINE STANHOPE.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

She walks in loveliness like opening morn!
And in those eyes an equal splendour's borne—
Of angel-sweetness and of heavenly hue,
What lightning-laughters live in their clear blue!

Oft have I seen thee, in the halls of light,
Dance down the starry hours of purple night,
With wreaths about thy fair young forehead bound—
More proudly far by its own beauty crowned!

Here shin'st thou in joy's young and brilliant train,
Like some rich jewel in a glorious chain;
More bright, set round with gleaming brightness there,
More beauteous, 'mid the beauteous and the fair!

Those gentle sisters of thy youth among,
Amid the living stars of that glad throng,
Match me those opening morning-charms of thine—
Soft-dreaming—pure;—oh! bright-haired Wilhelmine!

A MOGHREBEE TALE OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

BY J. G. WILKINSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "A GENERAL VIEW OF EGYPT," "TOPOGRAPHY OF THEBES," AND "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS."

SOLTAN NIGM-EDEEN MOHAMMED BEN AHMED had long filled the throne of the Fatemite Caliphs; and, from his valour and justice, had obtained the surname of E'Náser e'Sadéek. Conscious of his own virtues, and blessed with prosperity, he felt that nothing was wanting to render him perfectly happy, but the assurance of his son's success in passing through the dangerous ordeal to which every prince was destined to submit, ere he could claim a right to the sceptre of Caroan.

It was customary for the heir-apparent to open the Book of Fate, wherein was inscribed a list of all the perilous voyages in which travellers, tempted by curiosity or a spirit of adventure, had lost their lives, falling a sacrifice to some dreadful and hitherto unknown cause; and whatever place appeared noted in the page he turned, he was bound to visit, or for ever renounce his claims to the throne of his ancestors.

The aged soltan, finding the time had arrived when his son was required to undertake this arduous duty, and being informed by the astrologers of the court that the commencement of the following moon would be an auspicious moment for his departure, prepared to equip him in a suitable manner; and having furnished him with all the good advice which his experience, and the example of his predecessors suggested, he drew from his girdle the dagger he always wore, and was known to esteem beyond all the jewels of the realm, and presented it to his beloved son, with these words:—

"Know, my dear Sayfallah, that this dagger was given me, during my wanderings in the great desert of Sahara, by a grateful traveller, whom I found on the point of perishing from thirst, and whom I rescued from an untimely and painful death. Whoever discovers the mode of opening its enchanted handle, may obtain unparalleled blessings; to me it has not been granted; may you be more fortunate. You are now about to undertake a perilous journey; be not doubtful of success; be bold, but prudent, and, above all, avoid the country of the Ghool."

So saying, he gave him his blessing, and dismissed him. The young prince was followed to the gates of the city by all the principal officers and inhabitants of Caroan; and a chosen escort, commanded by Ibrahim Effendi, the son of the Wizeer, attended him as far as the frontier. Bidding adieu to his companions, he proceeded alone through the inhospitable region of Tarhila; and, after a journey of several days, he

descried, from the summit of a ridge of hills, a large city in the plain, distant about two hours' march.

Nothing could exceed his joy at so unexpected and agreeable a sight, and, with gladdened heart, he descended a rugged ravine, which, from the violence of the rain that annually falls there during the winter, was of great depth, and furrowed the plain to a considerable distance in the direction of the town. He had not proceeded far, before he heard the voices of men; and, ere he had time to consider whether he should proceed, or endeavour to avoid them, the prince was surrounded by a party of mounted Arabs. He was bound, and carried blindfolded to the city he had anticipated so much pleasure in visiting; and it was not until he had been thrown into a narrow, gloomy dungeon, that his eyes and limbs were released. A small aperture on one side of the cell admitted a partial light, and as the eye became accustomed to the darkness, he perceived some projecting stones, by which he succeeded in climbing up, with a view to ascertain something respecting the place of his confinement, or the inhabitants of the city, and, perhaps, even to devise some means of escape.

He found that the prison looked upon a large square, which, to his surprise, was strewed with the prostrate bodies of soldiers and others who had been recently killed; and the place seemed to be entirely destitute of inhabitants. All was still, not a single individual could be seen, and no sound of any kind reached his ear. On this sad spectacle he continued

to gaze, till, fatigued by the position, he was obliged to descend; and, throwing himself upon the ground, he pondered over the strange sight he had witnessed, with gloomy apprehensions for his own safety.

One day, as the sun was nearly setting, a noise at the door of his dungeon announced the arrival of the Arabs, coming to inquire of the prince who and whence he was. "We believe," added the chief, "you are a stranger; we desire to know what has brought you to these parts."

The prince, having stated the object of his journey, the name of his father and of his country, was treated with great kindness: and the chief, placing his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him:—

"Had this been known to us, we should not have impeded you in your journey; but, fancying you might be allied to our ancient foe, the people of this city, which Allah has delivered into our hands, we secured your person: you are now at liberty to depart, your arms shall be returned to you, and that no injury may befall you, I shall send an escort of my own people, who will attend you to the frontier, and obtain for you the protection of the shekh of the adjoining tribe, a man of great wisdom, who may aid you in your project. It is now late, till to-morrow remain with me; and at break of day you shall start, accompanied by Hamed, my brother."

Anxious to learn the history of the war between the Arabs and the city they had ravaged, the prince had not proceeded far on his journey, before he questioned his companion upon the subject, who detailed

the numerous conflicts that had taken place from the commencement to its termination. The name of the city was El Muktala, founded by a colony from Morocco, in the year 140 of the Hegira. It speedily increased in size and opulence, and its extensive commerce with other towns augmented its power. The fears and jealousy of the neighbouring tribes were at length excited; and some quarrels having ensued which were attended with bloodshed, the Arabs resolved on making a combined attack upon the common enemy; and, taking advantage of a favourable moment, when the gates were imperfectly guarded, a numerous horde entered the city, and the unsuspecting inhabitants were put to the sword without the power of making any effectual resistance.

Such was the account given by Hamed to the young prince, whose own observation bore ample testimony to the truth of the last part of the narration: and many were the deeds of valour which the Arab warrior detailed during their march to the frontier.

Arrived at length at an encampment belonging to the adjoining tribe, Hamed committed the prince to the care of the shekh, explaining to him the quality of his guest, the object of his travels, and the propriety of rendering him all the assistance in his power.

Shekh abd el Kareem, chief of the Sowáli tribe, was a man of great learning, eminently skilled in astrology, and other important sciences rarely known to the wandering Arab. He had visited many distant countries during his youth; and, on one occasion being made prisoner, was sold to a Moghrebee mer-

chant, who had taken him into the interior, and employed him as his assistant in discovering the hidden treasures of Wad Tongol. He had afterwards effected his escape, while his master was engaged at the fair of Suse, and had rejoined his tribe at the moment of their march to war against the blacks of Tazerbo; when, by his knowledge of astrology, having been enabled to foretell the defeat of the enemy, he acquired so high a character for wisdom, that, even during the lifetime of his father, he was looked up to as their chief and the main hope of his tribe.

To have met with such a man was of the greatest importance to the young prince, and he did not fail to ask, and profit by, his advice.

"Prince," said the aged chief, "you have undertaken an arduous task; but, with the permission of Allah, you will succeed to the full extent of your wishes. I have consulted the stars, and find you favoured in every period. Fate has entailed upon you a dangerous journey: you tell me it has fallen to your lot to visit the Wad Khof; your father, with a parent's solicitude, has urged you not to enter the country of the Ghool; and the cruel death which has befallen every traveller who has yet ventured to approach his dread abode, naturally led him to warn you against it; but little did he think, that in Wad Khof the monster lived. Fear not, however, and know, royal youth, that if it be granted to you to obtain the secret of admission, you may even visit the palace of the far-famed Ghool, and have the good fortune to liberate the lovely Shems-kŭmr, the Princess of Dar Joher,

whom he keeps a slave within the iron walls of his hareem. Many have tried, in vain, to discover this fairy secret, and have lost liberty and life through their indiscretion. Be cautious, and make not the hopeless attempt even to cross the frontier of his territory, ere you have obtained the necessary aid from magic hands; time is of no importance; patience may succeed, precipitation leads to ruin. After having crossed the third desert, your road lies through a wide valley; follow it till you reach a cluster of trees beneath a conical hill, surmounted by a lofty *rigm* (road-mark), turn then to the left, across the eastern hills, and, after a short march, you will again rejoin the valley at a place called El Maghára, from its numerous grottoes, the former abode of a tribe of people, now no more, whose very existence is looked upon as fabulous, having been utterly destroyed from the face of the earth by the inhuman oppression of a horde of foreign invaders. But pass not beyond this spot till you have obtained the wished-for aid; a range of mountains is all that separates this part of the valley from the territory of the Ghool."

Quitting the tents of the hospitable Arab, the prince followed the route he had indicated, and, after a tedious journey, reached the valley. During several days he sought in vain the conical hill, or any appearance of trees: at length he was perplexed with the sight of numerous conical hills, and a cluster of acacias; he doubted whether this might be the spot mentioned by the Arab shekh; but, no, it could not be—there was no *rigm:* he therefore resolved on continuing up

the valley, and a few more hours brought him to the long wished for hill. Crossing the eastern ridge, he again descended to the valley, and the innumerable caves he beheld cut in the rock satisfactorily proved that he had reached El Maghára, his halting-place.

A short distance from the spot where the descending path entered the valley, he observed a number of acacias, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be full of parrots and long-tailed monkeys: the noise they made on seeing him was intolerable. A young parrot, which had evidently received some injury, lay on the ground, unable to fly; the prince, taking it up, discovered that its wing was broken, but, on approaching it to his breast, it made a violent effort, and flew from his hand. He had scarcely time to recover from his astonishment at its sudden recovery, when he heard a low voice exclaim—"He has found it!" He looked on all sides, but could see no one: the birds and monkeys had ceased their discordant cries from the moment the parrot fled from his hand, and all was silent. At length, turning his eyes towards his dagger, he observed that its handle had opened, and a small figure, of sylphlike form, was seated upon it.

"Your kindness," said the fairy, "has disclosed what would otherwise have remained concealed: the cure you enabled me to effect led to my release; your claim to my services shall not be unheeded; henceforward I will be your friend and protector. Ask, and I will grant your wish."

"Give me," said the prince, "the power to penetrate into the Wad-Khof, and to deliver the unfortu-

nate Princess of Dar Joher from the hand of the tyrant Ghool."

"It shall be granted!" replied the fairy. "Take this ring, and every difficulty will vanish before you. To guard against the deceit of your enemies, to check the turbulent spirit of faction, and to live in security, amidst the wiles of a treacherous world, it is necessary you should have the means of penetrating the secret thoughts of men; whenever, then, you find yourself in difficulty, or threatened by danger, fail not to consult this ring—it will be your guide."

Saying this, she vanished.

Burning with impatience to rescue the beauteous captive, Sayfallah lost no time in proceeding to the frontier of Wad Khof. A range of precipitous mountains formed the boundary on this side, leaving only an opening in one part by a deep gorge, whose regular cliffs appeared to be the work of art rather than the effect of nature; and this, the sole entrance, was guarded by hideous pigmies, armed with bows and arrows. Death had been the doom of every one who had hitherto dared to approach the spot; but no sooner did they behold the prince, than, conscious of the presence of the genius which guided and protected him, they fell to the ground before him, and acknowledged the privilege he enjoyed.

Continuing to the palace, he arrived at the iron gates, guarded by similar pigmies, each followed by a monstrous dog, whose five heads vomited flames, and passing them, without interruption, he crossed the

vestibule, and ascended the steps which led to the apartment occupied by the Ghool himself.

Unaccustomed to such an intrusion, the monster rose from his couch, and, with a ferocious look, demanded the reason of his visit. "My visit," replied the prince, "though short, is, perhaps, not less unwelcome. I come to demand the liberation of a captive princess, whom you detain unjustly; you will not refuse to give her up to me: this done, I depart."

"You could have no power to demand it, nay, to come here, were you not gifted with other means than those possessed by man: it matters not how you obtained them, I cannot refuse you; but may your unprovoked interference meet that reward which mistaken kindness so often experiences. There, there is the object of your search—to you I deliver her; but with this proviso, that you both quit my dominions instantly!"

Covered by a flowing veil, the trembling princess knelt before her liberator, who, in eager haste, raised her from the ground, and withdrew, with his fair prize, from the presence of the hateful monster. Night closed in, and they had before them a tedious journey; but, notwithstanding the distance, they passed the frontier, and reached the caves of El Maghara long before the sun had risen, or the blushing *fegr* (morn) had broken upon the eastern horizon. A momentary glimpse had proved to the prince that the beauty of the fair Shems-kumr had not been overrated, it now shone forth with increased lustre: the joy consequent

upon the certainty of her entire liberation from the cruel Ghool, and the happiness she promised herself in the company of her deliverer, naturally tended to add a sweetness of expression which never fails to assist the charms of beauty; and the soft feeling that spoke from her glad dark eye, penetrated to the inmost recess of his heart. Her figure was delicate and graceful; the tones of her voice were sweet and gentle; her dark hair, falling in long ringlets, displayed the delicacy of her soft and snowy skin; and her regular features seemed as if united to form the model of perfect beauty.

The prince had successfully performed the task imposed upon him, and he had the felicity of meeting with one who was worthy to share the throne of the potent Fatemites, and capable of requiting and appreciating the benefit he had conferred upon her. He now prepared to return to Caroan, and having consulted the ring, he received for answer,—"Go not by the road you came; envy is stronger than friendship; he who assists another in distress may be his enemy in prosperity; pride often feeds itself on condescension: you have formed a good opinion of Shekh abd el Kereem; let him give you no opportunity of altering it." Two other roads led to Caroan,—one of which passed but a short distance from the capital of Dar Joher; and the princess having expressed a desire to visit her parents, it was agreed that they should take that route.

Wangoot was a large and opulent city, situated in a fertile plain; and, from its extensive commerce, had become the emporium of Central Africa. As is usual

with commercial people, all ranks of society were remarkable for pride; and an affectation of integrity had gained for them the credit of an upright and ingenuous character.

Arrived at the palace, the prince was received with all the honours due to his rank, and to the deliverer of the princess; and the rejoicings on the news of her arrival were unbounded. Their nuptials were celebrated with unusual pomp, and, in commemoration of the event, and her happy return, a proclamation was issued, permitting every woman to appear in public with her face uncovered. So unexpected a privilege naturally delighted those who were possessed of personal charms; and many who hoped by art to compensate for a deficiency of beauty, were not unwilling to profit by it. With them all was satisfaction and anxiety; but those to whom it was no longer a boon, or who were unable or unwilling to profit by the indulgence, viewed it differently; they denounced it as an unheard of and wicked innovation; they adduced the authority of the Korán, and raising an outcry that the religion of Islám was outraged, the commotion became so great, that the government was forced to revoke the order, and submit to their powerful veto.

Curious to obtain further information relative to the manners and customs of this singular people, the prince resolved on prolonging his stay in Wangoot; and, by frequenting the numerous festivals which took place there, he hoped to obtain some insight into their real character.

Nothing could be more extraordinary than their conduct on every occasion. They were equally extravagant in their views of religion. They had formerly been of the sect of Ali; but, abandoning the tenets of the Ismaëlians, they had adopted the creed of the Soonnees. They were now divided into innumerable sects, all professing equally to be followers of Mohammed, and votaries of Islám; but many, disregarding the principal doctrines of the Korán, and putting novel constructions on the very principles that served as the groundwork of the religion, they perverted truth, and devised new tenets totally unknown to the prophet or his followers: still they called themselves Moslems, and declared that they were the only true observers and supporters of the faith. Nothing could be more inconsistent. Some denied that the Korán was sent from heaven, some questioned the divine mission of Mohammed (to whom be praise and peace!), many disbelieved the necessity or the efficacy of any conformance to outward tokens of faith, and some even fancied the soul died with the body; every one, however, felt persuaded that all but his own notions were founded upon error; and many would have forcibly obliged the rest to conform to their doctrines, had not the government deemed it prudent to prevent such an attempt by the most effective measures.

Their political feelings were not less extraordinary. The country was distracted by two contending parties, always opposed to one another; not with a view to further the ends of justice, or to benefit the state, but apparently for the satisfaction of annulling each other's

decisions. If one proposed a measure however useful, the other resolutely opposed it; and the side which shewed itself the most boisterous, or the most unprincipled, gained its point. Between the nobles and the people too was a spirit of hostility which often led to bloodshed, the former endeavouring to keep a disproportionate share of influence in their own hands, the latter striving to bring down every one to their own level, and opposing the power of their superiors with the hope of obtaining it for themselves; for every man was a soldier, and ready with his arms to disturb the public peace.

All classes concurred in looking upon foreigners as persons of an inferior stamp; and it was their habit, on visiting a strange country, to expect every law and regulation to conform to their own, censuring the forms of justice among other people, not because justice was readily obtained at Wangoot — for it was notorious that redress could never there be had without a sacrifice far greater than the benefit — but because they considered every foreign institution necessarily imperfect. The numerous civilities they received in other countries they seldom deigned to acknowledge, considering them as tokens of the homage paid to their superiority; and, as they generally possessed greater wealth than their neighbours, they conceived that every one must yield to their caprice. Pride forbade them to conform to any customs but their own; the greatest privilege to be possessed or coveted by a human being, in their opinion, was to have been born in their country; the lowest Wangootee affected to

think himself better than any foreigner, whatever his rank might be; and no other men or women were allowed by them to possess one particle of feeling, integrity, or virtue.

Yet foreigners were well received in society at Wangoot: and the prince was fêted, and courted with the most marked attention. All persons made a point of pressing him with invitations; and it was with difficulty that he could bring himself to refuse their earnest solicitations to remain. He imagined that they had entertained real feelings of friendship for him; and it was not till long after his departure that he discovered the emptiness of those professions; and that, except from their occasional wish to avail themselves of his assistance for a friend who intended visiting Caroan, they would never have recollected his sojourn at Wangoot, or have inquired if he was in existence.

The return of Prince Sayfallah to Caroan was greeted with every demonstration of joy by all classes. They had long anxiously expected him. His father had died the preceding year, and his faithful Wizeer had been appointed regent during the absence of the heir to the throne.

The reign of Sayfallah began prosperously; year succeeded year, each bringing a continuation of happiness to the sovereign, and satisfaction to a contented people; and so few difficulties presented themselves, that he seldom felt the necessity of appealing to the counsels of his ring. Notwithstanding his general distrust of woman's secrecy, he began to think, that to treat his beloved consort with want of confidence, was

to fail in one of the strongest proofs of affection; and to possess so valuable a treasure, without imparting the secret to one he esteemed so highly, was tantamount to accusing her of a fault of which she was not guilty: he therefore disclosed to her the powers of his fairy gift, and the knowledge it imparted. Shems-kumr listened with attention and surprise to the detail of its wonderful influence. "What," thought she, "if I could obtain such a ring,—one that would lay before me the secrets of the whole court, the opinions of every individual, the thoughts of every man and woman in this city! What can a man want with such a ring?—it is much better suited to a woman; and the king, who can seldom use, and never, surely, can require it, might as well cede it to me:—no, that he cannot: it must never, he says, be given away. Well, but if he might, he would, I am sure; and not to place him under the necessity of refusing me, I will rid him and myself of every difficulty: at night he frequently takes it off, and, while he sleeps, a skilful jeweller may be employed to make a similar ring; and the labour of a few nights will produce a copy, whose identity will never be suspected."

The artifice succeeded. The monarch wore the counterfeit ring, without discovering or suspecting the change; and the queen indulged in all the gratification which satisfied curiosity could impart. Nothing was meditated, but she was immediately made acquainted with it; every political intrigue, every private affair, every thought, wish, and intention, became known to her: the only thing at all embarrassing was, the fear of her husband's suspecting some change in her

manner towards certain individuals, whose conduct being known to her, and giving her cause for displeasure, rendered her little disposed to countenance their presence at court. In the mean time, the curiosity or perplexity of the king had accidentally required the assistance of his fairy gift; but, to his great surprise and mortification, no answer was returned to his consultations. Day after day he applied for that aid he had been in the habit of receiving, and all to no purpose. "What sin have I committed," thought he, "to deserve so great a loss?" Little did he suspect the cause of the misfortune he lamented: had he been told it, he would have disbelieved and spurned his informant as a base slanderer; such confidence did he repose in his beloved Shems-kumr.

One day, the queen, having consulted the ring, discovered that a plot was laid in his palace to assassinate her husband, and to place his cousin upon the throne of the Caliphs: the attempt was to be made the following Friday, on his leaving his palace for the mosk,—a party of black slaves having been bribed to shoot him the instant he appeared at the threshold of the door. At this dreadful intelligence, the unhappy queen was almost driven to despair; she could not inform her husband, without confessing she had deceived him; to mention it to the minister, or the members of the household, would equally lead to a disclosure. She had no opportunity of restoring, or exchanging the ring; because, from the time he found it ceased to give its wonted answers to his queries, he had never taken it from his finger, imagining that its previous removal had been the cause of its silence.

Her uneasiness, however, could not escape the observation of the soltan; but the plea of ill health, and the news of her father's death, which had lately reached her, readily afforded a plausible excuse.

At length the fatal day arrived; and, as he walked through the corridor leading to the door of the palace, her paleness and agitated manner excited his suspicions that all was not right. "Tell me," said he, "my dear Shems-kumr, what means this change, this agitation you evince?" They had now approached the door, when, throwing herself before him, she exclaimed, "Stop! 'tis this!" and at the moment an arrow pierced her bosom, and she fell lifeless at his feet. Distracted with grief, the fond soltan threw himself upon the bleeding corpse, in an agony of despair; and with difficulty could his attendants succeed in removing him from the spot.

Every endeavour to console him was fruitless; and, sinking into a state of despondency, varied only by sudden expressions of frantic grief, he speedily followed her to the tomb; over which these sentences, written by a fairy hand, appeared suspended in the marble dome:—

He that cannot keep his own secret, ought nôt to imagine that another will respect it.

He that thinks he can confide a secret to one, in preference to all others, is guilty of folly, prejudice, and vanity.

He that offers temptation to another, acts in the capacity of agent to the enemy of mankind.

He whose indiscretion is the cause of his misfortunes, has no one to blame but himself.

LINES ON

THE PORTRAIT

OF

THE LADY FANNY COWPER.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Not a Spanish maiden
  Art thou, Lady fair,
Though that dark mantilla
  Falls with graceful air,
As at joyous Cadiz
  Thou hadst sought its shade,
Listening, at thy lattice,
  To the serenade.

Thine is England's beauty;—
  Where, besides, doth rose
Such a glow of brightness
  On a cheek disclose?
Where, beside, such forehead,
  Pure as early day—
Shrine where thought, most holy,
  Bids the careless pray?

Where such eyes, whose softness,
Like a veil of light,
Shrouds not all-obscuring
Lustre, else too bright?
Yes, of dear Old England
Art thou, Lady fair;
Though thy dark mantilla
Gives a Spanish air!

SONGS ON THE PASSIONS.

BY C. SWAIN, ESQ.

LOVE.

WHERE the golden hand of morn
  Touches light the singing fountain,
There a maiden, lowly born,
  Guides her flock along the mountain.
Bashful as the fawn, and fleet,
  She invests the world with beauty:
Simple grace, and manners sweet,
  Dignify her humble duty.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,
  Robed the fields and flowers in gladness;
New delights, too deep for mirth;
  Gentle griefs, too sweet for sadness:
Who this sudden charm hath wrought?
  Sent this flow of bright revealings?
Mind, that springs with joyous thought!
  Heart, that glows with heavenly feelings!

Surely, 'tis some angel strayed,
  Not a shepherd's daughter solely,
Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,
  In a light and love so holy!
Oh! when stars, like drops of pearl,
  Glimmer o'er the singing water,
There I'll woo my mountain girl,
  Proudly wed the shepherd's daughter!

DESPAIR.

I HAD a dream of many lands,
A voyage fleet and far,
Beyond the waste and desert sands—
The light of sun and star.
I saw a fearful shape arise,
The angel of Despair;
His awful head gloom'd 'mid the skies,
And clouds his footstools were.

The scars and furrows myriad years
Had branded on his head,
Were channels old of human tears
That from all time were shed:
His shadowy hands, from east to west,
Obscured the troubled air;
And nations saw in dread their guest—
And, shrieking, breathed Despair!

The billows backward raged and roared,
One spring the Tempest took,
And flashed around his lightning-sword,
Whilst hills and forests shook.
And Nature, to whose gentle breast
All human griefs repair,
Could find no home for the opprest—
No refuge 'gainst "Despair!"

MIRTH.

See, the merry village train,
By the fields of golden grain,
Wreath'd with flowers and ribands gay,
Speed the rush-cart on its way!
Dancing, sporting, leaping, singing,
Bells and glittering symbols ringing,
Frolic, mirth, and laughter loud,
Gather 'neath that climber proud
Up the pole to gain the crown.
Ha! ha! ha!—he's down—he's down!
Ha! ha! ha!—he's down—he's down!

Jocund thought and sportive jest
Cheer each aged rustic's breast;
Many an earlier feat is told—
Many a prank among the bold—
Former spirits—olden might—
When their hearts and heels were light!
See, ha! ha!—the race of sacks—
Half the jumpers on their backs—
Three—now two—contest the crown.
Ha! ha! ha!—they both are down!
Ha! ha! ha!—they both are down!

MELANCHOLY.

Under the cypress shade,
Near the wild holly,
Where her last hope is laid,
Mourns Melancholy.
All voices weary now—
All pleasures tire her:
Love cannot charm her brow,
Music inspire her.
No, 'neath the cypress shade,
By the wild holly,
Where her last hope is laid,
Mourns melancholy.

Still in the stars she reads
Sorrow and parting;
Still on the future feeds,—
Drinks the tears starting.
Come! list the music light—
See, fairies tripping!
Gay nymphs o'er garlands bright
Sporting and skipping!
No, 'neath the cypress shade,
Still, near the holly,
Where her last hope is laid,
Mourns Melancholy.

HOPE.

I KNOW he will return!
  There's something in my heart—
A light, as of a star,
  That dwells, like truth, apart!
A feeling to confide
  On what, I scarce discern;—
But, oh! a voice within
  Still says—"*He will return!*"

I dreamt an angel came,
  With soft and starry wing,
That scattered bloom and joy
  O'er every living thing!
Her breath was on my cheek—
  Her whisper in mine ear;
Oh! angel's words are sweet,
  But none like *Hope's* to cheer!

She shewed me where his ship
  (The ocean's glory) sailed,
Where neither mist, nor storm,
  Nor tempest breath prevailed!
So beauteous o'er the deep,
  From gallant stem to stern,
I blessed it in my sleep;
  Yes, Hope! he *will* return!

FEAR.

HARK! through the forest, hurrying feet,
The night grows black, the grim wolves bark,
The winds and boughs in discord meet,
And crash and clatter—hark, hark, hark!
The horseman spurs his steed amain—
In coward haste he flashes near,
While fiends and spectres haunt his brain:—
Away!—he comes; 'tis Fear—'tis Fear!

By houseless moor, or lonely flood,
Where madness sits, 'mid ruins old;
Where shrieks the phantom of the wood,
And spirits stalk the churchyard cold;
When rides the spectre huntsman dread,
And demon-hounds through midnight bay,
Fear draws the curtain of our bed,
And scares sleep's blessed balm away.

Gray Fear, that fills with evil things
The troubled soul, the trembling sight;
That gives material objects wings,
And bars, with ghostly chains, our flight.
Away!—nor palace, temple, hut,
Nor king, nor peasant, prince, nor peer,
Against his might their gates may shut,
But, breathless, list the shriek of Fear!

JOY.

Earth her summer wealth is bringing,
Every bough seems like a lyre,
Answering to the wind's low singing,
Sweet as bells from distant spire;
Milder light is on the fountain,
Softer bloom upon the flower,
Joy comes dancing down the mountain,
Joy with roses wreathes the hour!

See, the stars in golden dances
O'er the fields of azure glide;
See, the ocean soft advances,
Sparkling light with fairy tide;
Flowers with fond and gentle motion,
Leaves with grace no storms annoy;
All around earth, heaven, and ocean,
Feel the influence of Joy!

REVENGE.

The midnight lamps were burning dim
In an old ancestral room,
And the low lament of a funeral hymn
Told a youthful chieftain's doom;
For the last of Ronna's ancient race
Lay shrouded, cold, and pale,
And the joyous cheer of the forest chase
Had turned to fear and wail.

The last of Ronna's race — the *last* —
On his couch of death was laid;
Thus, one by one, each *heir* had passed,
By steel or snare betrayed.
Yes; sire and son, and daughter bright,
As by some demon banned;
By the poison bowl, or the sword by night,
And none might trace the hand.

But, lo! ere fled the burial gloom
For the last of Ronna's line,
Some hand had writ on his hasty tomb,
Revenge! Revenge! He's mine!
Oh, wild was the fright of the watcher lone,
As tomb by tomb he passed,
For that seal of fate was on every stone —
Revenge! — mine — mine at last!

JEALOUSY.

The vulture hath flown to her lone sea nest,
For the clouds with tempest seem dark opprest;
The night-dog's howl, on the gusty air,
Starts sudden and chill, as though death were there.
What light glanced out from the dismal road?
Was it a lamp from some shepherd's abode?
No — no! See again; — 'tis the gleam of a brand
In the life-seeking hold of keen Jealousy's hand.

For fiercer than vulture or wolf for their prey,
More mad than the winds on their desolate way,
With features all wand'ring, and ghastly with pain,
With a fiend in his heart, and a fire in his brain:
There Jealousy lurks, till the midnight shall hide
That red deed of horror his sword which hath dyed!
For fiercer than vulture, than wolf from his den,
Is Jealousy's breath o'er the spirits of men!

PITY.

The flowers sank 'neath the sultry air,
The thirsting leaves fell dim and dry;
Nor pass'd the sun's unclouded glare,
Till night in mercy veil'd the sky.
Then drank the flowers delicious dew,
The leaves in balmy coolness slept;
Sweet flowers! how many *hearts* like you
Have pined uncheer'd till Pity wept!

Beside the grave of infant bloom,
The early lost, the mother's flower—
Beside the hero's broken tomb,
The darkened home, deserted bower!
Where minds that know not rest appear,
Where aching hearts would solace find;—
Like heaven's own dew falls Pity's tear,
The last,—best angel of mankind!

THE SHATTERED VASE.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," "THE OLD COMMODORE," &c.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

MECHANICAL, shopkeeping aphorism; but, how true! Inelegant as it may seem, I intend to take it as a text, and apply it to subjects very different from those which it is generally made to elucidate.

Let us examine whether it be as orthodox in ethics as it is in economics.

By a very allowable substitution, we will suppose the pounds to be acts of beneficence of some extent, requiring, at least, a sacrifice, either of time or of enjoyment; and tens of pounds, great acts of the same description, requiring still greater sacrifices. As to the hundreds, and thousands of pounds, they must represent, in their degree, striking instances of well-doing, or absolute acts of heroism, that demand not only startling sacrifices of property, but also hazard of life itself. Now, as we risk neither our money nor our exertions without the prospect of a return — in the former case, of mercenary gain; in the latter, respect, love, and the enjoyment of all those generous feelings which constitute

mortal happiness—it is, therefore, very evident of how much importance is the small currency of life.

We have not the opportunity of performing the heroical every day, or every month, or every year; but every month and every day, and all day long, we are called upon for the small change of civilities; and he is either a brute or a fool that understands not his own happiness, who has not, at all times, this change about him.

"I cannot," says such a person, "treat you with common courtesy, and be hung to you. But don't, on that account, accuse me of inhumanity; for I am ready to risk my life for yours if I saw it in peril. I have no small change in my pocket wherewith to purchase your good opinion, but I have a thousand-pound note at home, therefore I challenge your respect. Honour me, or I will break your head."

This will never do; but this is often the behaviour of men of great success, and sometimes that of great genius. It is even to be found, at times, in characters of real benevolence; but it is a disguise unworthy of the good, and unjust to the community at large. To revert to our text—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Take care of the smiles, the suavities, and the minor courtesies of life, and happiness will take care of itself.

I again entreat pardon of all my readers for using so counting-house an expression as that with which I have commenced; but I am a little comforted with the reflection, that we have been denominated a nation of shopkeepers, by one who failed in his business from

not sufficiently understanding how to "take care of the pence;" for, if he had, he might still have kept his throne as prosperously as we have kept our shops. Do not, therefore, despise the proverb on account of its homeliness. It is applicable to something beyond the mere amassing of that lucre, which I certainly shall not call "filthy."

I do not suppose that Adolphus Greybroke had ever heard of it. I am sure that his young and beautiful wife had not. Hitherto, theirs had been a life of almost poetical happiness. Of ancient lineage, the cynosures of the best society, with an income that even modern extravagance might have called ample; youth, health, and every conceivable blessing, appeared to be lavished upon them. The Evil One seemed to have employed tactics the very opposite of those which he found to have failed with Job. He tempted them with too much happiness. Their virtue must have been of the strongest, for, during the space of almost one year under this most dangerous of blandishments, they sinned not. As yet, they had discovered no bitter ashes in the core of their apples of temptation.

It must be confessed that, in the world, they were quizzed as "faultless monsters;" but they must be poor wretches who are not quizzed for something; and, as Mrs. Greybroke always looked charming, and her husband cheerful, we must suppose that neither was much annoyed by the puny shafts of volatilised ridicule. Indeed, the young couple played their parts so well and so gracefully, that there was some danger that connubial bliss (I beg pardon, the *affectation* of it)

would come into fashion, the very idea of which drove half the married ladies mad, and made half the married men morose.

However, it was seriously taken into consideration in some coteries to which the Greybrokes belonged, whether it would not be advisable to send them to coventry, for the unpardonable *bêtise* of his being "uxorious."

They finally agreed to wait out the whole of the year, before they proceeded to extremities; and, in the meantime, Colonel Curthose, of the household brigade, newly dyed his whiskers, gave twenty guineas for a pair of jet black moustaches, put on his fingers four supplementary rings, and opened the campaign in form, in order, kind soul that he is! to prevent the cliques from the necessity of cutting them.

Unconscious of the heart-burnings that they caused, the young lovers tripped joyously on. Mirth went before them, strewing their way with flowers; they were attended, on either side, by Affection and Confidence; and though "Envy, Hatred, Malice, and all Uncharitableness" went mopping and mowing at them in the rear, it mattered not, for they were so constantly employed in looking into the lovespots in each other's eyes, that they never turned their heads, even to bestow a glance of contempt upon their unsightly train.

People who know the world must be conscious how disagreeable such conduct must have been to the circles in which *les jeunes mariés* moved. It was quite tedious enough to hear a sermon from a fashionable preacher, in a fashionable pew, in a fashionable church, once

a-week; but to meet, daily, two walking homilies on good works and the matrimonial vows, was detestable. They certainly were well bound and lettered; but still they were acted homilies. They stood a good chance of being banished from respectable society.

On a quiet, bright, sunshiny forenoon in June, Adolphus and his pretty wife were seated at breakfast in their bowery temple in the Regent's Park. I use the word "temple" circumspectly, not affectedly. However unfitted the building might be for the gloomier months of our vapour-encumbered climate, it was admirably, and almost exclusively, adapted to the short but intense summers with which we are sometimes visited, but know not how properly to enjoy.

This light building was the offspring of the imagination of some young architect, fresh from the classic glories of Greece. It was of exquisite proportions, though we will not maintain that it was built of stone; and the columns and pilasters, with which it was adorned, imitated marble admirably, and were beautiful in the simple and severe decorations of the Ionic order. But I must not say too much about the house, when I have got so much to say about its inmates.

After breakfast, when the gentleman is not quite determined what he will do, and the lady is almost predetermined to do nothing agreeable, because she will not condescend to do any thing useful, generally a dreadful feeling of lassitude supervenes. It is yet too early to think of dissipation with pleasure, for the shades of the preceding evening's disappointments still

darken with their heavy images the brain. Dissipation always disappoints.

At such a time, people are disinclined to draw their purse-strings, in order to disburse their small-coin amenities. The remarks that passed between Mr. and Mrs. Greybroke were brief, though courteous. Each seemed to feel it an effort to be kind, yet still felt that that effort it was their duty to make. At the inauspicious moment they should have separated for a few hours.

But, in these minor difficulties, the ladies act better than the gentlemen.

There stood, in the centre of the room, a marble vase, very beautiful in its proportions, and the undulating lines of its contour. In fact, it was that kind of vessel, so precious in its material, and so exquisite in the art that had been employed upon it, that the Graces might have offered roses in it, at the shrine of the spirit of Beauty.

"Help me, Augustus," said his wife, "to arrange these flowers."

There was a large basket filled with the floral harvest of the summer, at the foot of the table on which the vase stood.

"It is a lady's occupation," said the husband; "I am awkward at these matters."

"And yet—and yet you were not ill pleased to have your taste admired *in these matters*—before—"

And then there appeared a little pouting on the lower lip of the lady, that might, if the race of roses

could envy, have changed the reddest bud among them to white.

"Matrimony, you would have said;—ah! you flattered me then too much."

"And now too little. Is it not so?"

"I scorn it, madam,—Amelia, I mean."

And here my gentleman thrust his hands into his pockets; but, unfortunately, he was not thinking of the parable of the small-change: no, he was boasting of his thousand-pound note, locked up safely in his bureau. For "I, who love her so devotedly, to be twitted thus!" was his mental exclamation.

"There are two things, Mr. Greybroke, that are generally contemptible in the eyes of a sensible woman—shortness of temper, and shortness of——"

The lady paused, and had the grace to blush to her very temples. A small tear rose in either eye; and, had she found but the shadow of a smile, or the least gentleness of look in her husband's countenance, she would have flung herself into his arms. He was not remarkable for being tall.

"Shortness of what, madam?—finish your generous speech."

Mr. Greybroke had never spoken so loudly since his wedding-day.

"Shortness of memory, Augustus; I mean, the memory of kindness and affection."

"Very well; but I am not aware that my memory is particularly oblivious on these tender subjects. I remember when you used to profess to hate tall men;

but, lately, Colonel Curthose has done much to disabuse you of that foolish prejudice."

"Though tall, he is a very fashionable man, and generally admired. I don't like an effeminacy of appearance in a man."

"Hum!"—And then the really handsome, though yet beardless husband, stood complacently before the glass over the mantel-piece, and ploughed up his clustering locks with his white and jewelled fingers. The action would have been eminently graceful, had he not been compelled to stand a little, a very little, upon his toes. "Hum!" said he, well satisfied with his occupation; "very tall men are like high houses, the upper stories of which are almost always empty."

"And a low house, with a showy outside, always puts me in mind of a little personage making the most of himself by standing on tiptoe. Nor are these sort of houses always the best furnished, either above or ——"

"'Tis very well, madam," said the gentleman, reddening with anger; "you are strong in the sarcastic—I am no match for you—would to God I had always thought so! However, it is growing late, and no doubt that the colonel will be here shortly—the tall colonel I mean, madam: so I have the pleasure of wishing you a very good morning." And he bowed himself out of the room with a studious etiquette.

Mrs. Greybroke made him her best drawing-room courtesy: it was deliberate, slow, and low. And when the door was slammed to, with a violence not in the

best keeping with the retiring bow, the afflicted lady flung herself upon the sofa, and, burying her face in the pillow, burst into a passion of tears.

"I, who love him so fondly, so enthusiastically, to be treated thus!" was her heart-wringing exclamation; "what sacrifice would I not make for his happiness!"

Poor lady! she, too, was thinking of her thousand-pound note, all the while forgetting the great quantity of small change that a beautiful and well-bred woman always carries about with her.

But weeping is sad amusement, and always unprofitable, when unseen; besides, when too much protracted, it inflames the eyes, and thus prevents them from inflaming hearts, and turns their "fringed curtains" from the downy violet into a sore-looking red. Mrs. Greybroke understood all this; so she dried up her tears, and bathed their beautiful fountains with *eau de Cologne*, and then began her solitary task of arranging the flowers in her vase.

And then the colonel was announced, and, ere the announcement was well finished, he appeared, all bows, simper, and compliment. Now, Mrs. Greybroke detested him as much as an innocent and benevolent heart could detest any thing. Nor can it be surprising, after the little matrimonial skirmish of the morning, that some agitation was perceptible in the constrained *accueil* with which she greeted her visitor. Besides, he perceived that she had been weeping, and was still perturbed. His base heart leaped at the indications, and vanity immediately turned it into an altar; and

then, lighting it up with the fire of an unholy passion, his usually good sense and judgment were consumed as a sacrifice.

The colonel was a tactician, and his approaches were so insidious and well masked, that the lady thought him only very ridiculous and very disagreeable, whilst he was contemplating her misery and dishonour by one of the basest acts that men have not yet agreed to execrate.

After a due time occupied in the approaches, and being convinced that the simplicity of the lady was a refined dissimulation, the tempter imagined that the crisis for the declaration had arrived; so, as in the court of Love, in like cases made and provided for, he dropped upon his knees, attempted to possess himself of the lady's hand, and commenced with the usual formula.

"Most adorable of your sex!"

Mrs. Greybroke was taken by surprise, and being seriously alarmed, shrieked; and, before the ravished hand was conveyed to the moustache-shaded lip of the warrior, her little spaniel pet, Fanchette, made a snap at the invading mouth, and, climax of miseries! carried off the well-curled honours of the colonel's upper lip. The affrighted lover clapped his hand upon the now undecorated spot, then sprang upon his legs, and one glance in the mirror verifying the intelligence of his fingers, he seized his hat and cane, and rushed discomfited, although cheered by the boisterous laughter of the lady, from the "most adorable of her sex."

When Mrs. Greybroke had a little recovered from

the mingled excitement of mirth and anger, she rang for her *femme de chambre*, a saucy and very pretty Parisienne, who, I am sorry to say, was a little too confidential with her mistress. In a few words she related what had happened, and then ordered her doors to be closed against the man whom she had deprived of his heart, and her dog of his moustaches. Then, as Fanchette was still tossing about the *spolia opima*, the question was, what was to be done with it?

"Can you touch the nasty thing?"

"*Oui, madame, de grand plaisir. C'est superbe—ce moustache-là.*"

"Had you not better take it up with the tongs, and carry it below and burn it?"

"No, no," said the Vestal of Paris, in her own language, "it is too good to be burned; it was the handsomest part of the colonel when it made a part of him. *Pauvre homme! que je vous plains!* Oh, madam! if you would but make *monsieur* wear his own beautiful hair on his upper lip, he would be *beau comme un ange; et plus—comme un Parisien.*"

"But I don't like the fashion—it is odious to me; and Mr. Greybroke is already handsomer than most men: the hair would not improve his countenance."

"*Vraiment, mais voyez;*" and the agile *soubrette* was on a chair in an instant, and, to the great amusement of her mistress, in a couple of minutes the moustaches were well gummed and nicely arranged upon the upper lip of a superb half-length portrait of Mr. Greybroke by Lawrence. "*Laissez, laissez,*" said the delighted girl, as she stepped backwards and

forwards, and on this side and on that, in order to view the *tout ensemble* in a proper light. Indeed, at a little distance, the supplement accorded so well with the original, that Mrs. Greybroke determined to leave it until her husband had seen its effect.

"What can I do better," said she to herself laughingly, "than to decorate my husband with the trophy of my virtue? If it were not for this terrible duelling, it should be a standing joke amongst all our set, and the whole story would do more to reform the too gallant colonel, than all the sermons that have ever been printed."

But just then Mrs. Greybroke remembered that she was to spend the rest of the day with her mother, Lady Montacre, and remembering upon what awkward terms she had parted with Augustus, she feared that, if not previously acquainted with what led to this surreptitious adornment of his countenance, that it might justly enrage him; she sat down, and, drawing largely upon her small change, wrote a most humourous account of the whole transaction, mingled with so many wifelike and tender expressions, that she felt assured that the letter would obliterate, in his mind, the irritating impressions of the morning.

When this was sealed, she then, assisted by her attendant, completed the arrangement of the flowers, and filled the marble vase with all the taste that was so natural to her, and so fascinating to all about her.

She then retired to dress, and afterwards, ordering her carriage, drove to her mother's, expecting to meet Mr. Greybroke there to dinner.

Now, this Jeannette, to whom her mistress had intrusted the explanatory letter, was very giddy, in right of her youth, and very fond of pleasure, in right of her nation. When her lady was fairly out of the house, she went into the breakfast-parlour to contemplate a little longer her own handiwork. She was enraptured *à la Française.* The sealed letter, that she was to deliver with her own hand the moment that Mr. Greybroke entered the house, on the superscription of which there was written "To be perused immediately," was still lying on the table.

"I must not forget this," said the tee-totum. "*Restez-vous là,*" said she to the letter, as she placed it between the leaves of the topmost rose; "I shall not overlook you now, *ma mie.*"

She overlooked it, however. In whisking about the room doing a thousand nothings, she touched the vase, and the letter was whirled off its flowery perch and sank deeply into the body of the marble among the stalks of the various plants; so, when the whirligig span out of the room, she forgot the letter as totally as she had forgotten her prayers, and no oblivion could have been more perfect.

About five minutes before Mr. Greybroke came home to dress, Jeannette just stepped out to see a friend who had freshly arrived from Paris. It is needless to say, that, as she went out in haste, she returned at her leisure, which was long after all the mischief it was her duty to prevent had been accomplished.

Now, Mr. Greybroke, when he left his home in

the morning, after taking a few turns in the fashionable lounges, and interchanging a few words with many of his fashionable friends, was himself so unfashionable as to permit his conscience to smite him. He began to perceive that he had presumed too much upon his thousand-pound notes; so, rustling up his small change of courtesy, he bent his steps homewards, resolving to be very liberal of it indeed: but his feelings met with a sad revulsion. He saw the colonel drive furiously in his cabriolet from the door of the mansion that he was going again to make the abode of peace and love. He saluted him, however, but met no return to the civility; for the soldier was with one hand occupied in lashing his horse, and with the other holding his handkerchief to his face, evidently for the purpose of concealment.

"So he wishes to drive from my house clandestinely, does he?" said he, turning from his own door, and, in the worst of humours, remembering that the colonel was an excellent shot. His ruminations upon Joe Manton's hair-triggers, the forced hilarity of your own, and the forced politeness of your adversary's friend, and the cold dew upon the grass about Chalk Farm, did not tend to improve his temper; and when, finally, at about seven, he knocked at his own door, it would have been an act very satisfactory to himself could he have found some one to have knocked down. "Any body been here?" said he to the porter.

"Nobody but Colonel Curthose."

"And your mistress?"

"Went to Lady Montacre's about three, sir."

As some evil spirit is sure to be near to guide the steps of an angry man, Mr. Greybroke, of all the rooms in the house, walked into the very room that he ought not to have entered.

He sat upon the sofa, and commenced muttering to himself a little after this fashion:—

"She begins to be careless of my good opinion—she does, by heavens! To me—I, who am so affectionate, so tender—ay, *too* tender, too affectionate; for, am I not quizzed for my assiduities? All this I could not only bear, but be proud of, whilst I possessed her heart. Surely—surely, when she knows the depth, the *abandon* of my devotion" (the thousand-pound note again), "she might put up with a few hasty expressions; and if she saw a shade upon my brow, does she not know that her least smile could dispel it? That colonel—why did he avoid me? I should much like to know how long he staid!"

He rang the bell.

"Thomas, did your mistress leave any message for me?"

"No, sir."

"Did the colonel wait for *me* long?"

"An hour or more, sir."

"More than an hour?"

"A good deal, sir."

"You may go. More than an hour—a good deal more than an hour! What subject could have occupied them a good deal more than an hour? Dared she complain to him of me? If I thought so, I'd pluck him by the moustaches, of which he is so proud, even if he

were mounting guard. She twitted me this morning with being short, and said something about effeminacy. I effeminate!—ha, ha, ha! God of righteousness and of vengeance, what do I see?—My picture defaced! insulted!—Oh, the bitter taunt! Who has done me this grievous, this unpardonable disgrace?"

The bell was again rung, but, with an enforced gentleness. Thomas re-entered. His master smiled upon him, but it was like a smile seen through thin ice.

"Did you see this before, Thomas?" pointing to the picture.

"No, sir," said the servant, afraid to laugh; "shall I get you any thing, sir?"

"Why, Thomas?"

"You look pale, and ill, sir."

"Nonsense, my good fellow; I was never better in my life. A droll jest that, Thomas; do you know who did it?"

"No, sir; but I'll inquire."

"I'm not at all angry; indeed, I should be pleased if I find any of the household have done this, though, I must be allowed to say, it is a confounded liberty. Make haste—I shall not be angry, mind—but it *is* a liberty."

"A precious lump of a one," muttered Thomas, as he left the room.

"It must have been some of the servants," said Mr. Greybroke, trying the force-pump of consolation.

Thomas reappeared, looking as sheepish as any man of the name of Thomas could.

"I have heard, sir," said he, "Ma'amselle Jeannette say that it was done, sir, by my lady's orders."

"Do you mean by, *my lady*, Mrs. Greybroke?"

"I do, sir."

"Let me tell you, Thomas; but never mind—send that hussy, Jeannette, hither."

"Just stepped out, sir."

"Then tell the housekeeper, that when she just steps in, that they are my positive orders, that what is due to her be immediately paid, and then thrust her out of doors. Go!"

"And now I am alone. Alone!—yes. Ah! how very lonely! I have no longer that soothing resting-place for the vexed heart—a wife. Insulted, jeered at, pasquinaded by the partner of my bosom; by her who solemnly swore to love, honour, and obey me—obey me! who never yet asked obedience. This is too much. But I lose time: the ribald insultress glories too long in her disgraceful triumph. Thus—thus I dispel it."

In a very indifferent frame of mind for epistolary correspondence, he sat down and concentrated as much indignation as he possibly could in a half dozen lines, but which were, at the same time, terribly explicit; as he forbade her to return to her home, but to remain at her mother's until he had made arrangements for a separate maintenance for her, suitable to the fortune that she had brought him, and to his own honour and dignity.

This letter he despatched immediately, with that

natural outward calmness that looks so like a thunder cloud with a cold gleam of sunshine upon it.

When he had committed this over-hasty act, he began to find himself, in very truth and spirit, forsaken. Though all this happened on a summer's evening, the coldness that hung about his heart spread, by degrees, over his whole frame, so he began to endeavour to warm his body by working himself into a passion.

There was nobody to interrupt him. He said fine things, very fine things, upon the folly of men, the faithlessness of women, and the infatuation of passion. He stamped sundry times, and more than once struck himself smartly over the left breast of his coat. He had some inclination, at the climax of one of his pathetics, to pluck out a few hairs; but they curled so beautifully. He made two or three attempts at the moustaches in his own picture, but he was not tall enough to reach them. In fact, he gave most undoubted proofs of a genuine emotion; but, as yet, he had neither done any mischief to himself or to any thing else.

He had exclaimed, for the fifth time, that "all his household gods lay shivered upon his hearth," which was superb, though not new; he said something, also, very touching, about Penates and Lares; but he got confused, and then returned to the shivering of his gods, whilst all the Chinese mandarins kept nodding at him, as in derision, from his mantel-piece: not one of them was sacrificed, though the hearthstone lay conveniently beneath, so that he might, had he chosen,

have made his exclamation more than a figure of speech.

However, he was determined to shiver something; and that determination was perhaps the salvation of his happiness. There stood the marble vase, redolent with a thousand perfumes, and glorious in the manifold beauty of flowers. Somehow, this profusion of sweets, and these lovely types of smiles, angered him extremely.

"Beautiful hypocrite!" he exclaimed, "with insult rankling in her bosom, and that tall bearded colonel in her thoughts, she could endeavour to win me to assist her to heap up this pile of garish plausibility. Out upon such deceit! it is rank. Yes, this vase images her well: exquisite in form, crowned with a radiance that is glorious, but within, all, that is not emptiness, is mould, dust, decay. Semblance of female beauty! shew me what you and it in reality are! Down from your place of honour!"

Not regarding a probable excoriation of the knuckles, the angry gentleman struck the vase: it fell, and was shattered into fragments on the floor. To his surprise, he found that it had contained something more than mould and corrupted leaves; for a letter, in the handwriting of his wife, met his astonished eyes. He read it with the eagerness of one snatching at his reprieve; and, when he had finished, he found that he had made himself most egregiously an ass.

"Paragon of virtue!" he exclaimed; for, like most short men, he was one of lofty exclamations. "Para-

gon of virtue! have I lost you for ever? Thrice infatuated idiot that I am!" And here his beautiful curls were really in that degree of danger, that two hours of his valet's assiduity could not have rectified, when, fortunately, like a well-dressed lady, in rich white satin, and, like Niobe, all in tears, in rushed his agitated wife.

One instant's pause, and with one look each comprehending the other, they were in one another's arms, exclaiming, both at the same time, he, "Dearest Amelia, will you ever forgive me?" She, "Oh, my Augustus, pardon your giddy wife!" All this was over, and ratified with a few kisses, when, puffing with too much fat, and with too little breath, in waddled Lady Montacre.

"What is the meaning of all this? how did it begin, my children?" said the good mother, benignantly.

The children, for *children* indeed they had proved themselves, looked at first a little foolish at the interrogation, and then very fondly at each other.

"Oh!" said Mr. Greybroke, with a sly smile, "I was too lazy this morning to accommodate Amelia with some small change."

"How shockingly rude!" said the mystified mother.

"Not half so rude as I," said the daughter; "for I was so proud of a large note I had by me, and to which Augustus is always welcome, that I positively refused this morning to oblige him with eighteenpence."

"Well, you are a pair of simpletons, my dears. I

am never at a loss for change; for you know that I always carry my pockets half full of loose silver."

"You do, indeed, my excellent mother. Henceforward, Augustus and I will follow your example."

Little more remains to be said. Jeannette was dismissed, and Colonel Curthose's moustaches transferred to the knocker of Mr. Greybroke's door, which rejoiced in a terrific brazen head. Mr. Greybroke was so considerately polite as to send a friend to inform the colonel of the whereabouts of his lost hairs, intimating that he might send for them when he chose.

The colonel would have called him out, but the affair was so ridiculous that he could procure no one of respectability to be his second. And then it struck him very forcibly, that the baths of Germany were necessary to his health; and he has since found continental society so delightful, that he has not yet returned to England.

HAPPINESS.

BY LORD GARDNER.

" C'est une espèce de bonheur que de connôitre à quel point on doit être malheureux."—La Rochefoucauld.

What, then, is happiness? A meteor blaze,
The mind's delusion! furthest when most near;
A form which haunts us from our boyhood's day;
A beacon light, to which our bark we steer,
When, lulled by Hope, we near the threatening shore,
Deaf to the warning of the breakers' roar.

The subtle fancy of the poet's brain,
The ferment of his blood, when life was young;
The empire of the mind—which, to obtain,
His lyre attuned hath often wildly sung.
Poor fool! he thinks the shadow grasped, if fame
Shall on his native language stamp his name.

The lover's vain pursuit: by passion led,
He paints his mistress fairer than the fair;
Till, one possessed, his sated fancy fed,
His " baseless fabric " vanish'd into air,—
The jewelled chalice of his promised joy
Contains a bitter draught—his gold is but alloy.

If, in the mazes of some former state,
  Ere on this earth we trod, to us were given
To read the magic scroll of coming fate,
  And scrutinise the fixed decrees of Heaven,
Whilst to our startled gaze appeared the measure
Dealt out to man below of pain and pleasure,

See, o'er the early morning of our life,
  Ambition's dream — that sunshine of the soul,—
In bitter mockery smiles: with thunder rife
  The gathering clouds of Disappointment roll,
And Envy's lightnings play; whilst, far between,
The rays of Hope still faintly gild the scene.

Now, quickly fleeting o'er the magic glass
  Our little day of life, its evening nears;
The lengthening shadows threaten as they pass,
  And now our sun is set 'midst sighs and tears.
This, then, is life! and wouldst thou not forego
Those honeyed draughts of bliss, brimmed up with so much wo?

THE LADY OF THE LATTICE.

BY GEORGE IRVINE, ESQ.

Soon after Buonaparte, under the title of First Consul, had possessed himself of almost supreme power in France, an insurrection in favour of the Bourbons took place in Brittany and La Vendée. The government, anxious to pacify the country, employed all the means of seduction towards the insurgent chiefs, while it backed its negotiations with a formidable display of military force. All the Machiavellian springs of the police, at that time under the direction of Fouché, were put into operation; and the war in the west was, by these means, soon brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

It was during this period that a young man, belonging to the family of Maillé, was despatched by the Chouans from Brittany to Saumur, in order to establish a correspondence between certain persons of that town and its environs, and the chiefs of the Royalists. The police of Paris, which had secret information of his journey, had sent some of its agents, who were charged to secure the young emissary's person on his arrival at Saumur. He was accordingly arrested on the very day he disembarked, for he came

in a vessel under the disguise of a mate. But he was a person who well knew what he was about; he had duly weighed all the chances of his enterprise, and his passport and other papers were in such unexceptionable order, that the persons employed to seize him had serious doubts of his identity.

The Chevalier de Vevancourt, for such was his appellation, had thoroughly studied his part, and acted it to admiration. He knew every particular as to the family, the name of which he had assumed, and underwent the severe interrogations addressed to him with so much *sang froid*, that he would certainly have been set at liberty but for the blind belief which his captors placed in their instructions, the precision of which was too great to allow them to listen to any other evidence; and in this position, they preferred committing an act of arbitrary injustice to allowing a man to escape to whose capture the first consul appeared to attach so much importance. The chevalier was, therefore, placed in durance for the time being, until the higher authorities should come to some decision relative to him. Their sentence soon arrived, and the police was ordered to guard its prisoner strictly in spite of all his pretences of innocence.

The chevalier was, in consequence, transferred till further orders to the Château de l'Escarpe, a name sufficiently indicative of the situation of this fortress, which is surrounded by tremendous precipices, and only approachable by a rapid and dangerous ascent ending at the principal gate, which is defended by a deep ditch, passable only by a drawbridge.

The commander of this prison, delighted to meet a man of distinction whose manners and conversation were agreeable, and who had all the appearance of having received the best education, qualities not a little rare in those times, welcomed the chevalier as a present from Providence. He proposed to him to be on his parole, and to make common cause with him against the *ennui* which the keeper of a prison usually feels, almost as much as those beneath his guard.

Vevancourt demanded nothing better; he was a man of honour, and "*joli garçon.*" He had a very prepossessing face, a resolute air, a most engaging address, and prodigious personal strength: he was, moreover, uncommonly active and well made; and, in short, seemed formed by nature for the chief of a party. The commandant made over to him the best suite of apartments in the building, invited him to his table, and, for some time, was delighted with the Vendean.

The governor, however, was a Corsican, and he had a wife; of said wife, moreover, he was most execrably jealous; so much so, indeed, that he had taken especial care not to mention even her existence to the chevalier, who, for some time, never suspected that any thing female was within the walls, except a sort of Maritornes, whose office it was to make his bed, and attend to the other common duties of a domestic.

A glass door of one of the rooms occupied by the commandant opened into a spot called, by courtesy,

a garden — a small irregular space, formed by the projection of a battlement. Into this *sanctum* he had never invited his prisoner, although he had allowed him full liberty to perambulate all the other precincts of the castle. This indirect prohibition, however, the chevalier attributed, if he thought of it at all, to a trifling caprice of the governor, who, perhaps, was unwilling to trust so volatile a person as himself among his horticultural experiments.

It happened that Vevancourt, on going one evening into this apartment to play his usual game at chess with his guardian, found it vacant. The door was open, and imagining that the commandant had strolled out to walk till his arrival, he made no scruple of entering the garden in pursuit of him. Having looked for him in vain, he was about to re-enter the building, when a slight noise above him attracted his attention: he turned towards it, and observed that a small latticed window, which he had never hitherto observed, was in the act of being opened. Now, this incident in itself had nothing very important,—he expected, indeed, it might be the governor,—but it acquired a considerable value in the young gentleman's eyes when they perceived that the operation was performed by two fingers, the tapered points and fairness of which could by no effort of imagination be misconstrued into the brawny appendages of the worthy Castellan's mutton fist. The beautiful fingers were followed by a more beautiful arm; the more beautiful arm by a most beautiful bust; and the chevalier having ascended through the

three degrees of comparison, with due grammatical accuracy, had nothing left for the face which appeared last, but an anticlimax not unusual in French, and to declare it "superbissime, magnifique"—"very pretty!"

The garden, as I said, was extremely small; it is, therefore, not very extraordinary that the possessor of all the charms I have just enumerated, should have immediately perceived the chevalier, who had nothing to conceal him but a few flower-pots, and who stood five feet eleven inches and three-quarters without his shoes. Her eyes, however (and they were *such* eyes), had no sooner met his, than a blush, which made all the moss-roses in the place look as if they were suddenly seized with the yellow jaundice, dyed her features to the very temples; and the window was closed with such rapidity, that it actually flew open again with the shock—a circumstance which necessitated a second effort, and, in natural consequence, a reappearance of the beautiful unknown, whose eyes, somehow or another, again met those of the chevalier, and then disappeared behind the muslin curtain of the lattice like stars behind a mist. The chevalier was a Frenchman; and, high as is my opinion of that nation, I never knew an individual of it who had not a still higher,—especially of himself. He was, moreover (but that indeed they all are, of course), a man *à bonnes fortunes*, and thoroughly acquainted with all the delicate *nuances* of that most ineffable science. An Englishman would have been a week considering what he should do, and, perhaps, have done nothing after all; but, with our French friend, to think and to act were one and the

same thing. Besides, in the present case there was no time to be lost, for an order might arrive that night for his being shot at five o'clock the next morning on the glacis of the place, which would materially interfere with his future operations. With a promptitude and decision, therefore, which reflected the highest honour on him, as a man of gallantry and an officer of hussars, he made one stride into the room, and another to the governor's writing-table, and in one minute and a half concocted a *billet doux* which would have blown a door of solid iron off its hinges. In another moment he was once more under the lattice; and, plucking a rose (in which operation he ran sundry thorns into his fingers), he wrapped the exquisite *morceau* he had just excogitated, stained with his blood (which made the thing much more poetical), round its stalk; and finding the lattice, as he modestly anticipated, again open, shot it with the precision of a Tyrolese rifleman into the room which contained the object of his new-formed, and (as he was pleased to state, *avec la plus pure et la plus profonde vérité*), his indelible attachment. He then retreated with similar rapidity, and, in order to avoid all suspicion, returned to his own room, where he waited some twenty minutes, and then went back to the apartment of the commander, humming an air out of an approved *vaudeville*, *comme si de rien n'étoit*, and expecting to find that excellent person engaged, as usual, in arranging his chessmen in battle array. Probably all would have happened precisely as he expected, had not one trifling accident previously occurred; and this was, that the said commandant

had most inopportunely entered his wife's room by the door, just as the chevalier's effusion was coming in with a beautiful parabolic curve by the window: the consequence of which untoward event was, that, instead of the symmetrical order of the pawns on the chessboard, which the chevalier expected, he found six grenadiers with fixed bayonets ranged with equal precision against the wall, listening, with erect persons and serene countenances, to certain orders which the commandant—whose moustaches were curling like two eels under the process of flaying—was delivering, with the gestures of a man who had been bitten by a tarantula. The nature of these orders was immediately explained to the chevalier, in a manner intelligible to the most moderate capacity, by two of the above-mentioned grenadiers seizing him by the collar, while two others put their cocked muskets into his ears, and the remaining two applied the points of their bayonets to that part of his person which was naturally turned to them as he retired; and in this order conveyed him, before he could express his gratitude for this conciliatory mode of proceeding, to a dungeon, which was as little like a lady's *boudoir* as any thing that could possibly be imagined.

In this pleasant abode, Vevancourt underwent the proper formulary of fetters, black bread, dirty water, &c. &c., according to the most approved receipts usual in such cases. His cell, which was situated under the platform of the keep, was vaulted with solid masonry; the walls were of a most despairing thickness, and the

tower itself hung apparently over a precipice. Escape seemed totally out of the question.

As soon as the unlucky chevalier had ascertained this agreeable certainty, he fell into that sort of reverie which forms at once the despair and comfort of a captive. He occupied himself with those nothings which, to persons in his situation, become affairs of the greatest consequence; he counted the days, the hours, the minutes; he regretted the comparative comforts of his late position, and pronounced several energetic anathemas against moss-roses, *billets doux*, and latticed windows. At last, even French gaiety could support him no longer; and he fell into one of the fevers engendered by the love of liberty, which spur the captive to those prodigious enterprises that seem to exceed all the known physical powers, but which prove the almost omnipotence of volition concentrated in one focus, and applying all its forces to one object. But even this mighty instrument was blunted against the difficulties of Vevancourt's situation, and death alone appeared destined to become his liberator.

One morning, the turnkey, whose office it was to bring the prisoner his daily miserable pittance, instead of leaving him after having deposited it on his wooden table, remained standing before him with his arms folded, and regarding him with a singular expression. Their conversation was, in general, confined to a very few words, and was never commenced by his keeper. Vevancourt was therefore not a little surprised when

the man said to him, "Sir, you, no doubt, have your reasons for calling yourself Monsieur Latour, or Citizen Latour. I have nothing to do with that—it is not my business to verify your title; you may call yourself Peter, or Paul, for all I care: but I know (here he gave a most knowing wink with his left eye) that you are M. Théodore Amadée François, Chevalier de Vevancourt, and cousin of Madame la Duchess de Maillé. Well?" added he, with an air of triumph, after a moment of silence, and looking fixedly at his prisoner.

"And," said Vevancourt, who thought that his position could not be much worse than it was already, by the avowal of his proper name, "suppose I am the Chevalier de Vevancourt, what good will that do you?"

"All the good in the world," answered the turnkey, in a lower voice. "Hark ye! I have been handsomely tipped to assist your escape. Stop a minute: as I shall be shot if I am suspected of the least thing, I have declared that I would not meddle with the business one jot further than just sufficient to gain my money. Look ye, sir, here is the key." At these words he produced a small file. "With this," continued he, "you can cut through one of those bars; the door will not be over-wide, to be sure." He pointed, as he spoke, to the narrow aperture by which the light was admitted to the dungeon. "Now, you see, you must saw off one of those bars near enough to the bottom to allow you to pass."

"Oh, never mind," said Vevancourt, "I'll manage to get through."

"But you must leave enough of the iron to tie your rope to."

"Where is it?"

"Here," answered the turnkey, producing a rope, knotted at intervals. "It is composed of linen, as you see, in order that it may be thought you made it yourself out of your sheets; it is of the proper length. When you get to the last knot, let yourself fall gently down: the rest is your own look-out. I have some reason to believe you will find near the spot a carriage, with horses ready put to, and friends who expect you. That I know nothing about, of course. By the bye, I forgot to mention that there is a sentinel just on the right of the tower, who will send a musket-ball through your head to a dead certainty if he sees you. However, you will choose a good dark night, and watch the moment when the soldier is napping, you run some risk; but——"

"Good, good!" cried the chevalier; "at all events I shall not die here like a dog."

"Why, I don't know," drawled the jailor, with a stupid look; "that may happen, nevertheless."

Vevancourt, in his joy at the prospect of escape, had no time to pay attention to this silly sounding observation of one who appeared a mere rustic boor; he instantly set to work, and spent the whole day in filing through the bar. Thinking, however, that the commandant might pay him a visit in person, he took care

to conceal the effects of his labour, by filling up the incision with the crumb of bread, rolled in the rust, so as to give it the colour of iron; and then waited for a night that should suit his purpose, with that concentrated impatience and agitation of mind which, to a vivid imagination, make the life of a prisoner so prodigiously poetical.

At length, during a dark and lurid autumnal night, he completed his operations. The bar was sawn through, the cord firmly attached to it; and Vevancourt having, with some difficulty, squeezed himself through the opening, waited, with his feet on part of the masonry which projected beneath the window, and his hands tightly grasping the end of the bar which remained, for the most obscure part of the night, and that hour at which your watchful sentinel is generally fast asleep,—that is to say, two hours before daybreak.

Being well acquainted with the duration of the different watches, and the times at which the guard went its rounds—circumstances which prisoners, even involuntarily, chiefly occupy themselves in ascertaining —he watched the moment when about three-quarters of the duty of the sentinel nearest him were expired, and the man himself snug in his box, to avoid the fog—then, feeling certain that he had united all the chances most favourable for his evasion, he began to descend, knot by knot, suspended between heaven and earth, but clutching his cord with the strength of a giant.

All appeared to be going on prosperously; he had already arrived in safety at the last knot but one, when, just as he was about to let himself slide off on to

the earth, he thought it would be more prudent to feel for the ground with his feet, but no ground was to be felt. This was not altogether encouraging; he was bathed in sweat, fatigued, perplexed, and in a situation when his life depended on a mere toss-up; he was on the point of taking all chances, and leaping down, when a gust of wind blew off his hat. Luckily, he listened for the noise he expected it to make in falling, and, hearing nothing, a vague suspicion of his situation suddenly struck him, and he began to think it possible that some snare had been laid for him, though why or wherefore he was unable to conjecture.

In this uncertainty, he almost determined to defer the attempt to some other night; and, in the meantime, resolved at least to wait for the first uncertain glimpse of light, which moment might, perhaps, be almost as favourable for his flight as the present. His uncommon strength enabled him to climb back to his dungeon; but he was almost exhausted as he arrived at the projecting stone under his window, where he remained watching, like a cat at the end of a gutter.

In a short time, the first dim beams of the morning broke, and he then perceived, as he moved the floating cord backwards and forwards, a trifling interval of some 150 feet between the last knot of it and the pointed rocks of the precipice.

"Oh, oh! M. le Commandant," said the chevalier, with the coolness that characterised him, "I have the honour to be your most obedient, very humble servant."

Having reflected for some minutes on this adroitly intended plan of revenge, he thought it best to re-enter

his cell. He placed all his clothes on his bed, left the cord outside, attached to the bar, to encourage the idea of his fall; and, quietly ensconcing himself behind the door, he waited for the arrival of the treacherous jailor, with one of the iron bars he had sawn off, in his hand.

The turnkey appeared in due season, rather sooner, indeed, than was his usual custom, impatient to enter into possession of the property of the defunct. He opened the door with a careless whistle; but no sooner had he arrived at a proper distance, than Vevancourt applied a tap of the iron bar with such anatomical precision and poetical justice to his organ of "acquisitiveness," that the traitor fell as if shot dead, without uttering a sound.

The chevalier stripped the body with the skill of a camp-suttler, dressed himself in the clothes of his victim, imitated his walk, and, thanks to the earliness of the hour, and the drowsy inattention of the unsuspecting sentinels, effected his escape ——

"And the Lady of the Lattice?"—"*Eh, ma foi! mon cher que voulez-vous?*"

THE GLADIATOR.

BY W. J. DENISON, ESQ. M.P.

THE brazen gates of ancient Janus closed,
And o'er the globe Rome's haughty yoke imposed;
Her hardy legions shrinking from the breeze,
And her proud nobles sank in slothful ease;
The former energies that fired each breast,
Theatric shows and sanguine sports arrest;
While golden bribes prætorian chiefs demand,
And her gay Circus, venal crowds command: —
Then one brief moment your attention lend,
And, sighing, hear the Gladiator's end.
Fall'n in the strife, ere numbered with the dead,
Vain each attempt to rear his drooping head;
While loud applauses from the dome resound,
As his fierce rival strikes the fatal wound.
Though every nerve in throbbing anguish bleeds,
Roused by the memory of his former deeds,
He feebly still exerts his nervous frame
To die with honour, and avenge his shame;
Yet sinking nature can effect no more,
And life's last current ebbs in streams of gore.

If no kind relatives surround his bier,
Or pay the tribute of a parting tear;
His pale remains no warlike trophies grace,
No mourning friend receives the last embrace;
Consigned with outrage to a common grave
Where rest the felon, and the vilest slave,
His bosom once with freedom's warmth could glow
(Where Danube's waves through ancient woodlands flow).
Of many a tribe, the firm, undaunted guard,
He speared the wolf, or chased the mountain pard;
And with each stranger in a brother's zeal,
Shared the poor comforts of his scanty meal.
Till Cæsar's trump his peaceful home invades,
And wild Ambition seeks his tranquil shades;
"*To arms! to arms!*" the brave Arminius cries,
"*To arms! to arms!*" each woad-stained chief replies;
While Druid bards increase the kindling fire,
By awful rites their martial youth inspire—
By midnight spells, by witchcraft's potent charm,
Fan the fierce flame, and nerve the patriot arm.
Wounded, and captured in the arduous strife,
Torn from his children and distracted wife,
His manly courage soothed the rankling pain,
And met each insult with a firm disdain;
Reserved to grace some haughty conqu'ror's show
(Who ne'er felt pity for a prostrate foe),
Each scene of horror, sentenced to endure
Till death alone could all his sufferings cure.
Yet, gallant victim of imperial hate,
With virtues worthy of a nobler fate;

In some few years o'er Tiber's flowing vale,
Thy northern banners fan the sultry gale;
Thy tyrant masters are condemned to hear
Alaric's trumpets vibrate on the ear:
His furious cohorts deaf to Pity's call,
Crush the gay temple, with the marble hall —
Crush all they fondly once proclaimed their own,
Mock the vain tear, and scorn the suppliant's groan.
Their baths, their forums, and triumphal cars;
Their once free senate, and their field of Mars,—
All disappear, in one barbaric gloom,
No friend to shelter, or avert their doom: —
Thy country's tears, though long in silence past;
And thy sad fate shall be avenged at last.

LINES ON THE

PORTRAIT OF MRS. MABERLY.

BY L. E. L.

What may be the music
  Wandering from the chords?
Does some air Italian,
  Scarcely need of words?

Is the strain of sadness,
  When the spirit's wings
Deepen with the shadows
  Of remembered things?

Are the notes more mirthful,
  Waking in the heart
All those pleasant fancies,
  Which so soon depart?

Tell me, lovely ladye,
  Who art leaning there,
In the golden shadow
  Of thy golden hair—

Of what art thou singing?
  Yet in vain I ask;
Many moods doth music
  Bring its graceful task.

Strange must be the sorrow,
  Dark must be the hour,
Which would not, bright ladye,
  Own thy harp and power.

LINES.

BY ARTHUR HUME PLUNKETT, ESQ.

COMO.

Oh, still beneath bright nature's finger
The rippling waters music make!
The golden mists of morning linger
Still lovely o'er thee, Larian Lake!
Unchanged as long, oh, long ago,
When Pliny watched the purple flow
Of waves that mock the grapes that shine
And cluster o'er thy banks divine,
Which flung their spray, his steps to greet,
Like fretted silver, at his feet.

* * * *

ROME.

An exile from his childhood's home
At midnight gains the walls of Rome,
The distant light, and quivering beam,
Once more the warrior's watch-fire seem;
The ruined arch of triumph, too,
Steals from the hour its ancient hue,
And looks as though the morrow's sun
Its crimson beams might cast upon

A thousand flashing banners there,
Once more around a conqueror's car.
He gazes on till dawning day
Has melted in the morning's ray—
All his proud visions take their flight,—
The marble arch is yet in sight;
No votive wreaths his sad eyes see
Twined round its shafts triumphantly;
But each wide crevice shews the wreck
Alone the wild-flower deigns to deck.
And Rome, the mistress of the world,—
Ay, Rome, the palaced and the proud,
Night's cloud of ebon darkness furl'd,—
Rests like a queen within her shroud.

* * * *

A MIDNIGHT MASS.

Beneath St. Mark's mosaic dome
I lingered in the midnight's gloom;
The pealing organ's roar was hush'd,
And the loud hymn had ceased, when, lo!
Upon mine ear enraptured rush'd
Music, in music's wildest flow:
In trembling tones of thrilling fire,
Like Heaven's own winds through angel's lyre,
In tones as though the seraphim
In choir unseen were hovering near,
And caught the cadence of the hymn
To breathe an answer to its prayer.

* * * *

TWO DRAMATIC SCENES.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

ANNE BOLEYN.

Is your liege ill, sir, that you look so anxious?

CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

Madam!

ANNE.

I would not ask what you may wish
To keep a secret from me; but indeed
This right, I think, is left me . . I would know
If my poor husband is quite well to-day.

CONSTABLE.

Pardon me, gracious lady! what can prompt
To this inquiry?

ANNE.

I have now *my* secret.

CONSTABLE.

I must report all questions, sayings, doings,
Movements, and looks of yours. His Highness may
Be ruffled at this eagerness to ask
About his health.

ANNE.

I am used to ask about it.
Beside, he may remember . . .

CONSTABLE.

For your Highness
Gladly will I remind our sovran Lord
Of any promise.

ANNE.

Oh, no! do not that!
It would incense him: he made only one,
And Heaven alone that heard him must remind him!
Last night, I do suspect, but am not sure,
He scarcely was what kings and husbands should be.
A little wine has great effect upon
Warm hearts (and Henry's heart *was* very warm)
And upon strong resentments . . . I do fear
He has those too . . But all his friends must love him.
He may have past (poor Henry!) a bad night,
Thinking upon his hasty resolution.

CONSTABLE.

Lady! I grieve to tell you, worse than that
Far worse!

ANNE.

Oh, mercy, then! the child! the child!
Why not have told me of all this before?
What boots it to have been a guiltless wife,
When I, who should have thought the first about it,
Am an ill mother? Not to think of thee,
My darling! my Elizabeth! whose cradle
Rocks in my ear and almost crazes me.
Is she safe? Tell me, tell me, is she living?

CONSTABLE.

Safe, lady, and asleep in rosy health,
And radiant (if there yet be light enough

To shew it on her face) with pleasant dreams,
Such as young angels come on earth to play with.

ANNE.

Were I but sure that I could dream of her
As I, until last autumn, oft have done,
Joyously, blithely, only waking up
Afraid of having hurt her by my arms
Too wildly in my rapture thrown around her,
I would lay down my weary head, and sleep,
Although the pillow be a little strange,
Nor like a bridal or a childbed pillow.

CONSTABLE.

Oh, spare those words!

ANNE.

Why spare them? when I feel
Departure from this world would never be
Departure from its joys: the joys of heaven
Would mingle with them scarcely with fresh sweetness.

CONSTABLE (*falling on his knees*).

My queen!

ANNE.

Arise, sir constable!

CONSTABLE.

My queen!
Heaven's joys lie close before you.

ANNE.

And you weep?
Few days, I know, are left me; they will melt
All into one, all pure, all peaceable . .
No starts from slumber into bitter tears,
No struggles with sick hopes and wild desires,

No cruel father cutting down the tree
To crush the child that sits upon its boughs
And looks abroad . . too tender for suspicion,
Too happy even for hope, maker of happiness.
I could weep too, nor sinfully, at this.
Thou knowest, O my God! thou surely knowest
'Tis no repining at thy call or will.
(CONSTABLE, *on his knees, presents the Writ of Execution.*)
I can do nothing now . . take back that writing,
And tell them so, poor souls! Say to the widow
I grieve, and can *but* grieve for her; persuade her
That children, although fatherless, are blessings;
And teach those little ones, if e'er you see them,
They are not half so badly off as some.
Fold up the paper . . put it quite aside . .
I am no queen; I have no almoner . .
Ah, now I weep indeed! Put, put it by.
Many . . I grieve (yet, *should* I grieve?) to think it,
Many will often say, when I am gone,
They once had a young queen to pity them.
Nay, though I mention'd I had nought to give,
Yet dash not on your head, nor grapple so
With those ungentle hands, while I am here,
A helpless widow's innocent petition.
Smoothe it; return it with all courtesy:
Smoothe it, I say again: frame some kind words
And see they find their place, then tender it.
What! in this manner gentlemen of birth
Present us papers? turn they thus away,
Putting their palms between their eyes and us?
Sir! I was queen . . and you were kind unto me

When I was queen no longer . . why so changed?
Give it . . but what is now my signature?
Ignorant are you, or incredulous,
That not a clasp is left me? not a stone,
The vilest; not chalcedony; not agate.
Promise her all my dresses, when . . no, no . .
I am grown superstitious; they might bring
Misfortune on her, having been Anne Boleyn's.

CONSTABLE.

Lady! I wish this scroll could suffocate
My voice. One order I must disobey,
To place it in your hand and mark you read it.
I lay it at your feet, craving your pardon
And God's, my lady!

ANNE.

Rise up; give it me;
I know it ere I read it, but I read it
Because it is the king's, whom I have sworn
To love and to obey.

CONSTABLE (*aside*).

Her mind's distraught!
Alas, she smiles!

ANNE.

The worst hath long been over:
Henry loves courage; he will love my child
For this; although I want more than I have;
And yet how merciful at last is Heaven
To give me but thus much for her sweet sake.

SCENE IN EPPING FOREST.

HENRY, *Courtiers, Hounds, &c.*

HENRY.

Northumberland! *pray tell me, if thou canst,*
Who is that *young one in the green and gold?*
Dost thou not see *her? hast thou left both eyes*
Upon the bushes?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

There are many, sir,
In the same livery.

HENRY.

Her I mean; her yonder
On the iron-gray with yellow round his ears.
Impudent wench! she turns away her cheek!

NORTHUMBERLAND (*after inquiring.*)

The Lady Katharine Parr, an' please your Highness.

HENRY.

Faith! she *doth* please me. What a sap is rising
In that young bud! how supple! yet how solid!
What palpable perfection! ay, Lord Arundel!

ARUNDEL.

A bloom well worthy of a monarch's bower,
Where only one more lovely smiles beside him.

HENRY.

Though spring is stirring, yet give me the summer..
I can wait yet.. though, some day, not far off,
I would confer with her at Hampton-Court..
Merely to ask her how she likes the chase:

We shall not have another all this season:
The stag alone can help us on in May:
To-morrow is the twentieth.
Hark! the knell
From Paul's! . . the Tower-gun, too!
I am right enough!
(*Claps his hands.*)
I am a widower! [*Again claps his hands.*
By this hour to-morrow
Sunny Jane Seymour's long and laughing eyes
Shall light me to our chamber.
Lords! prick on!
The merry hounds are chiding! To the chase
To-day! our coronation for to-morrow.

THE GAZELLES.

BY MISS THEODOSIA GARROW.

THERE were two Gazelles in a desert land,
Gentle and fond were they;
With quick light steps, o'er the trackless sand,
They wandered day by day:
And their love was such as is only known
By two whom the world hath left alone.

Those blithesome things! they had a home
In a bright oasis there,
Where the birds of beauty did love to come,
It was so still and fair:
All fill'd with flowers and blossoming trees,
Where the wind awoke sweet harmonies.

The vagrant breezes that roam'd along,
And the bright-eyed evening star,
Told them of peopled worlds, and sung
Of lands that were brighter far:
But the two Gazelles—they deem'd no bloom
Could be bright as that of their desert home.

And she, in the dewy morn, would call
Her blithe mate forth to play,

Ere the sun had risen up, and all
The freshness had passed away:
She would bend her graceful head to his,
Then bound away in her playfulness.

And he, in the closing eve, would lead
His love to the softest nest
Of grass and flowers and fragrant weed,
And couch by her side to rest:
And he lay and gazed in her brilliant eyes
Till the red light waved in the western skies.

And all day long their life and love
Were woven into one;
Their playmates were the bright-necked dove
And the lizard that loves the sun:
They ate of the flowers and sipped the springs,
And they were happy—those guileless things!

One summer morn, from his fragrant bed
She strove her love to lure,
But a mortal pain bowed down his head,
A pain he could ill endure;
And his mottled limbs did throb and ache,
Yet he followed her forth ere the sun did wake.

And he strove to play, but his head swam round,
And his striving was in vain;
So he laid him down on the desert ground,
And moaned low with pain:

For a venomous snake, in his grassy bed,
The life-warm blood had poisoned.

His life was ebbing from heart and limb
When the sun came up the sky,
And his gentle mate stood over him—
She dreamed not he could die;
And she breathed him o'er with her fragrant breath,
For never yet had she looked on death.

Another hour—and he was dead,—
Then close behind him lay,
On the desert sand, that playful one
He had loved so many a day;
And the sun rose high, and the noon grew hot,
But he was dead, and she felt it not.

She never knew his life was gone,
Till her low and plaintive cry
Met no fond look of love, no tone
Of tender sympathy,
Till he who never was so before
Grew cold as the rocks on the sea-beat shore.

She had couched her graceful head on him,
As in their hours of bliss;
And her little feet, so light and slim,
Were twined all with his:
But the sun was bright as bright could be,
And the dry sand burned fearfully.

Till night she lay, that mourning one,
Beside her own dead love;
But she raised her head when the radiant moon
Was journeying above,
And she cast her large bright eyes around
On the sparkling sky and the desert ground.

She looked on the stars, whose light he loved,
But the stars seem'd dark and dim;
She looked on the earth, where his swift feet moved,
She could tread it no more with him:
She saw that he never could waken more,
And her hope and her life at once were o'er.

She laid her sweet head down again
Upon her dead mate's breast;
'Twas the only spot where her cureless pain
Could lull itself to rest.
And many bright things came forth to play,
When the stars did wane above;
But those two fair creatures had pass'd away,
With their little world of love!

Mrs Mountjoy Martyn

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF MRS. MOUNTJOY MARTYN.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M.P.

Ah, no! though the figure and feature appears,
  There is much—by no pencil on earth to be given;
The smile, tone, and manner—the mind which endears,
  Are alone to be traced by the finger of Heaven!

The limner *may* cull from the garden its flowers,
  The fashion and hue of each blossom disclose;
But *where* is the perfume they breathe through the bowers?
  Ah! *where* is the sweetness that *lives in* the rose?

In pictures are rendered the brightest, the fairest—
  The canvass an image of things may impart;
But it cannot give that which is richest and rarest—
  The look—the expression, which springs from the heart.

Let strangers gaze on then, in rapture befitting,
  There is not a reason why they should repine;
While those who have known her, turn sadly regretting,
  They see but the shade of the gold in the mine.

July 1838.

ON SEEING A WOODBINE GROWING ROUND A TREE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING IN SHERE WOOD.

BY MRS. TORRE HOLME.

Oh, thou sweet flower! why dost thou twine thy charms,
So delicate and pale,
Round this dark tree, into its blighted arms
Casting thy beauties frail?
Thou wert not formed, scented and fair, to be
Lavished on one so rude;
The garden's brightest bowers are worthy thee,
Not this deep solitude.

What strange devotion bids thee, evermore,
Amid such ruin cling?
Why the rich incense of thy odours pour
On such a rugged thing?
Dost thou not see the lightning has been sent,
Armed with the wrath of Heaven;
And that the branches are all scathed and rent
To which thy sweets are given?

No voice made answer; but in woman's breast
Is written the reply:
Does she not, ofttimes, love and cherish best,
With fond fidelity,

The wretched and the stern; and where the trace
Of guilt and wo has past,
Casting the shelter of her pure embrace,
Cling firmly to the last?

Then, fairest one, still twine thy spicy wreath
Around this blasted tree;
We may forget what ruin lurks beneath
In gazing upon thee.
To the seared boughs thy bright luxuriant flower
May a fresh life impart,—
Like the caress of love, with gentle power,
Healing the broken heart.

And some there are will envy thee thy doom,
No parting canst thou fear;
If rude hands tear away thy lavish bloom,
Thy roots are buried here.
Then round the tree belov'd, fond tendrils fling,
And breathe thy perfumed sigh,
To the last moment to its branches cling,
And when it dies—then die!

SAHIB TULWĀR (MASTER OF THE SWORD).

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNGER SON."

"ALLAH HER ALLAH! Prayer is better than sleep! Turn out! turn out!" said De Ruyter, shaking the tent-pole; "the earth, the air, the water, are awakened; all living things are in motion. Come and see the (crocodiles) coomers, and alligators, crawling on the hem of night into the dismal depths of the jeels and jungles, followed by the owls and bats; the beasts of the forest, that hunt by moonlight, slinking back into their obscure fastnesses, like wearied hounds into their kennels; the robbers (bheels), and elks, and wild boars, are toiling up the savage gorges of the mountains. Come out, here is a glorious sight: the air is alive with wild peacocks, green pigeons, scarlet louries, purple and golden pheasants, crimson-tufted herons; flamingos and florikens, and water birds of all hues, they are rising in myriads from out the badgeroon fields; antelopes bounding over the jungle grass, without shaking its silvery tassels; the sailor-like jounee (white monkey) running up and down the live rigging of the Tara palms; the hundred-legged

* *Sahib* means master, and *Tulwár* sword. Every thing herein narrated with regard to this natural-born soldier is true.

centipede, the lobster-clawed black and hairy scorpion, and the flat-headed copra da capello, with his opal eye and inflated hood, are coming from under the shadow of noxious weeds, to distil, by seething in the fiery sun, the poison they have absorbed. Ha! look! the cormorants, hurgilas, and vultures, that were wheeling overhead, cawing and screaming for food, have trimmed their creaking sails, and are now all scudding silently towards the tents we saw last night: their sharp beaks point as true to slaughter as the needle to the north. Those Puharee and Pindarree horsemen will gorge your ravenous maws with carrion. Jour Sing, and my——"

"What," I said, bursting out of the tent, "are those the border-chieftains' tents we saw glittering on the crest of the red sand-hills, as the sun set behind them last night?"

"Yes: they are screened now by that black line of forest," answered De Ruyter; "and we shall see my *feringee* (*i.e.* European) friend, the famous Sahib Tulwār (master of the sword), as they now call him: he is not far off. Oh! you will glory in him—a man after your own heart. As soon as our crew of sircars, abdars, chopdars, sherabdars, sotaburdars, chattapburdars, chokeydars, saees, peons, khausamans, &c. &c. &c., have performed their ablutions in the water of the Ganges, and the gooroo has counted his beads, and sealed their brows with white, red, or yellow chunam, to denote their mystic castes—we will away to those tents; in their vicinity is the termination of our journey."

"See! see! the high jungle grass, that was gently rolling one way, is now agitated, like the sea when it meets the ebbing tide of a rapid river. Is that the shining of the silken-tufted reeds? No—it is the glittering spears of the bucaniering Pindarees."

A single horseman now emerged from out the long sedgy grass in which his followers were buried, sprang up the precipitous bank light as a bird, and galloping along the brink of the river, sportingly casting his long, thin lance high in the air before him, and catching it ere it fell to the ground; as the first rays of the sun fell full upon the rich trappings of the magnificent and "tempest-footed" Arab horse, with his crimson-stained mane and tail streaming down the wind, and the gorgeously decorated Eastern warrior with his jewelled and fluttering dress, all sharply defined against the horizon, I thought the earth could exhibit no more stirring sight. The eagle-eyed horseman instantly recognised De Ruyter. Throwing the fiery animal on his haunches, close to the side of De Ruyter, the rider sprang off, and they hugged so close that their beards mingled. The other horseman halted, and the two friends withdrew into the tent. This was the famous Sahib Tulwār, master of the sword. After a brief conference, he ordered the duffildar and his wild horseman to mount. We were all quickly skirring over the plain, in most admired disorder. I screamed with delight, as the blood spun through my veins, and all my senses tingled with intensity of life. After toiling and tracking up a sludgy and seemingly endless river, day after day, and sleeping on its dismal fetid

banks, night after night—for we had left the broad rapid Ganges and its vast alluvial plain, and had been some weary days wending up one of its tributary branches, speckled with wretched villages, and scantily cultivated, with now and then the ruins of a pagoda or temple,—with no other objects than these, and tall, shadowless trees, with leafless trunks, like marble columns, cane brakes, dismal swamps, and morasses overgrown with thick jungle, swarming with snakes and alligators, a heart and soul-crushing monotony caused my blood to stagnate, notwithstanding the sun in its zenith boiled the brains in my skull. Now we had the hill country lying piled up before us, range above range, "huge quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven."

We left the cofilah (encampment) on our right, galloped across the sand-rifts, plunged into a swampy belt of gigantic forests, reeking with pestilential exhalations, and every variety of jungle fever, the favourite haunt of tigers and snakes, swarming with mosquitoes and winged vermin, and came out reeking and foaming at the foot of the glorious hills. After a hasty tiffin by a verdant fountain, we commenced ascending towards heaven, for it was celestial enjoyment to inhale the invigorating pure atmosphere, filled with delicious odours from balsamic herbs, and flowering forests; and refreshing to see the wild fruits, gushing streams, and cold glassy lakes, reflecting the dark shadows of the overhanging cedar, pines, and cypresses; and then to look down from the free hill-tops upon happy valleys, evergreen, dismal glens,

yawning chasms, mystic caverns, and gorges black as night, shrouded by the exuberant vegetation, forced by a torrid sun, in a rank soil, watered by living brooks, and the eternal spray of many cataracts. After three days' journeying we penetrated into the heart of the mountains. Just as we emerged from a dark narrow pass, sterile and desert, strewed thick with jagged fragments of gray granite, we saw a herd of fierce, wolfish-looking horsemen, coming down the channel of a water-course, rattling the shingle before them like a torrent: on descrying us—they scrambled up the banks—they were armed with a variety of weapons — spears with red pennons, bows, maces, shields, swords, and daggers. The Sahib Tulwār put his body of horse in quick motion, gaily taking the lead, his eye sparkling, and lip curving, like a bridegroom. In ecstasy at the anticipated onslaught, the leader of the strange horsemen came bounding along on a superb Persian horse, equally confident. On nearing him, the Sahib Tulwār raised his long spear, whirling it round his head; the stranger then dropped the point of his lance, and exclaiming, with the usual salutation, "*salām alicùm*," held out a small gold bag; the Sahib Tulwār pulled the silver tassels, and took out a letter with a great seal. The stranger then said he was commanded by the Râga Singh of the Castle of Speers to be our guide to the fort. A few hours led us to our destination. We pitched our tents under the jutting brow of a huge precipitous rock, high, insulated, and conical, such as the gods churned the ocean with, to produce anerceta, the drink of immortality. It was

crowned by a castellated, turreted, and battlemented fortress. This bold promontory stopped, in its headlong course, a river, the accumulated waters of many wild torrents, here divided, never to meet again; the dammed-up stream, forcing a passage on either side, fled past, glittering and boiling as if lashed up by a Toofaùn. In the forks of the river, a Dewaune, or congress of the Indian Highlanders, was now sitting: these were deputies from the Pindarrees, Maharattas, Jâts, Raypoots, Bheels, Sikhs, and other warlike and predatory nations. It is not of them, but of the Sahib Tulwār (master of the sword) I am about to speak.

"These are the Sahib Tulwār's beads!" said De Ruyter, as we strolled up to his tent; "they are worn round his horse's neck, as a charm, when he goes to battle!"

"What are they?" I said, taking hold of the end of a cord festooned to the tent lines, on which some score of shrivelled, dark, odd-shaped things, were strung; "what the devil are they?"

"They are the ears of those he has slain!" said De Ruyter; "they are hanging out to dry. He has some infantine fancies: you observe he wears a massy pair of gold rings in his ears; he says he does so because the soldier brave enough to take his head shall be paid for his trouble."

We now entered the tent; we found the Sahib Tulwār attentively examining the various water-marks on a bundle of damask mettled folardee swords.

"I am picking out a weapon for that hawk-eyed boy!" said the Sahib Tulwār to De Ruyter; "I am glad

he is here," gripping me cordially by the hand; "I will give him a sword, and shew him how to crop heads as easy as if they were corn cobs. Look, here is a Khorasanee, rings like a bell, water-mark broad as a river, yet as full of delicately traced lines as the arrowy wake a canoe leaves when she is skimming the surface of the smooth water. Take this—there is nothing better in the world; you may crop ears as easily as barbers do hairs. A man with this, and a horse corresponding, is a Râjà at once, if he wills it; what he wants he has; what he wishes is done. You have an arm and eye that I can teach to meet together, and cut as clean as the shears of destiny."

Whilst he was exhibiting his matchless skill with the sword, from the lightest gauzes which fell apart when caught on the keen edge of his blade, to a rough and shaggy old goat that was standing on his hind legs, browsing the leaves of a shrub, before the tent; (the Sahib Tulwār, without any effort, cut the animal so clean in two, that, as he said, if the creature had remained steady, the parts would have grown together) —whilst he was in this playful mood, I was admiring the symmetrical proportion of his person: it was a model of strength and lightness combined. His small, but rather rough features, might have been passed by unheeded, but for his broad brow, on which was stamped a will of iron; and then his scintillating, deep-set, gray-green eye, fascinated like a snake's.

Leaving the Sahib Tulwār, we sat down under the shadow of the rock by the river-side; and, in answer to my questioning, I learnt this brief outline of

the famous Sahib Tulwār's story. He was born on the confines of the white man's settlements in America: having killed a man or two in a broil, he went forth to look at the world, became acquainted with De Ruyter, and accompanied him to India. After many vicissitudes on the sea, he thought he would try the land service. He entered into a corps of irregular horse belonging to the Company; in this corps he quickly stirred up a mutiny, and induced a portion of them to desert: they were pursued, and compelled to fight their way up the country. He penetrated into the Mahratta provinces, after a long and perilous journey; joining there freebooting mountaineers, he soon cut out a name of terror, and he became a leader amongst the shodâs (camp robbers): his undaunted bravery and excellent skill in the management of horses and all sorts of weapons, made him celebrated. He became known over the country by the name of Sahib Tulwār; his sagacity and military resources were admirable. When the celebrated Prince Holka was passing through the provinces with his followers collecting tribute, a certain wily Zemindar plotted to assassinate him. As the Zemindar, accompanied by soldiers disguised as peasants bearing the tribute was passing along the plain, the Tulwār happened to encounter him; and, learning his mission to the Holka, his keen eye observed things which kindled his suspicion. Holka, with but a handful of soldiers, was some days in advance of his Mahratta followers. The Sahib Tulwār entered Holka's tent with the Zemindar; the disguised followers of the latter spread

inside the tent, girdling in Holka. The Sahib Tulwār left his followers outside, entering alone, and keeping close to the Zemindar. The latter was in the act of stabbing Holka, when his head was chopped off; and the Sahib Tulwār's followers entering, cleared the tent.

After the onslaught was hushed, Holka calmly asked the Sahib Tulwār how he came so opportunely to his aid, and how he came to be prepared to oppose a thing so suddenly enacted?

"Oh!" said the Sahib Tulwār, "the Zemindar and I met on the plain; I saw there was masquerading amongst his followers; and when they entered your presence, their swordknots were cast off, and I read the bloody intentions of the Zemindar in his eyes."

The Sahib Tulwār was richly rewarded by Prince Holka, and staid in his service for some time; but his soul was too restless to continue long any where. He marauded over the greatest part of the Company's frontiers, joining, as it suited him, different Râjàs: thus he passed years in broil and battle: war is his only delight; he is as much a beast of prey as the lion. After he was gorged with slaughter, he was induced, from some reason, or rather, as I believe, from mere restlessness and passion for change, to take advantage of an amnesty of the governor-general, and re-enter their service; they gladly giving him a command, and letting the past, be past. True to his word, he did the Company good service on their frontiers, using his experiences to their advantage.

I should here observe, that I am speaking from my after-knowledge in completing the sketch of this untameable being. Soldiers in India are isolated from the people; the Sahib Tulwār was prodigal and social, and an especial favourite with wayward spirits like his own. One of these young prodigal-blooded fellows, whilst dying of a jungle-fever, called a man of the pen (*writer*), and devised his property, which was considerable, to be divided between three of his comrades, the Sahib Tulwār being one; but, ere the sick man had signed and sealed, he died. The Sahib Tulwār, regardless of the forms of law, said, on the day ensuing, to his brother legatees, "Come, let's go in and share our prize-money." Conscience, or that which is often mistaken for it, fear of consequences, made the other two demur. When the Sahib Tulwār heard their scruples, he said, "Oh, if that is all, you shall be satisfied! Come along; give me the testament, I will make him sign before his fingers are stiff! Come, what care I for the law or death? What! did he think to juggle me by dying? You shall see." Entering the dead man's chamber, followed by the rest, he called for the notary and witnesses; and, forcing the dead man's fingers to clutch a pen, he traced the characters of his name — that was, to the will — and said to the witnesses, "Come, sign you, in witness that you have *seen him* sign. Why do you hesitate? By the Prophet! you shall sign now alive, or, like him, when dead!"

Even this unreclaimed, irreclaimable, natural, unsophisticated man, that every where destroyed his own

brute species in sport, had, in some part of his heart, a drop of human weakness that linked him to kindred, or something in his own land. Watching the sun going down in the Far West, his thoughts took the same direction; he followed that sun in imagination behind the Alleghany Mountains, illuminating his Georgian homestead. The next morning, as it dawned on the Himalay, he struck his tents; his imperious will nothing but death could stop; he was soon at Calcutta, his effects converted into merchandise, and an American ship freighted.

The morning of the day he was to embark on his return to the New World, he gathered together all he could find of his hot-blooded comrades of the old. After carousing "potations pottle deep," they all sallied forth to see, for the last time, the matchless Sahib Tulwār exhibit some of his wonderful feats of noble horsemanship. The wine — the heat — the occasion — the loud applause, lashed up his inflammable nature to a frensied state of excitement; he urged his fiery Arab to exhibit feats, each more perilous than the last, until every muscle and fibre of the man, and the no less inflammable and high-blooded horse, racked to the uttermost, quivered from intensity of action. Even his sable, reckless company, turned pale, and gasped for breath; for the Sahib Tulwār was under that frightful influence which, sometimes seizing a man and inspiring him with devilish temerity, impels him to dare danger and woo death. The maddened horse, over-wrought, sprung in the air, and, falling heavily (for his heart had burst), killed his wild rider under him.

ON A

PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNTESS FITZHARRIS.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

How happy are the Sylphs in air,
To watch o'er all we find so fair;
Who dwell on brightest beauty there,
And, unreproved, the phrase may dare—
How lovely!

To say of such a brow's high thought,
And jet-fringed eyes with softness fraught,
Of lips whence Love expression caught,
And form as by the Graces taught—
How lovely!

Still happier Kindred, who may bring
To light the fondest thoughts that spring
Upon Affection's welcome wing;
Their looks may say, their verse may sing—
How lovely!

None else may offer heartfelt lay,
Respect must admiration sway!
Yet, who can watch that sunlit way,
Nor wish they had the *right* to say—
How lovely!

THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It is not that I cannot see
The birds and flowers of spring,
'Tis not that beauty seems to me
A dreamy unknown thing;
It is not that I cannot mark
The blue and sparkling sky,
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,
That e'er I weep or sigh.

They tell me that the birds, whose notes
Fall rich, and sweet, and full,—
That these I listen to and love,
Are not all beautiful!
They tell me that the gayest flowers,
Which sunshine ever brings,
Are not the ones I know so well,
But strange and scentless things!

My little brother leads me forth
To where the violets grow;
His gentle, light, yet careful step,
And tiny hand I know.

My mother's voice is soft and sweet,
  Like music on my ear;
The very atmosphere seems love
  When these to me are near.

My father twines his arms around
  And draws me to his breast,
To kiss the poor, blind, helpless girl,
  He says he loves the best.
'Tis then I ponder unknown things,
  It may be,—weep or sigh,
And think how glorious it must be
  To meet Affection's eye!

SONG.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grashopper,
No chirp of any bird,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not — no, he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;

The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer,
We did not speak a word,—
But the breathing of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

BY THE SAME.

On a bleak northern summit
A solitary pine
Is slumbering, bound and mantled
In snow and icy twine:
He dreameth of a palm-tree,
That, deep i' the southern zone,
On a hot rock is pining,
Sad, silent, and alone.

TO A FOREST-GIRL.

(WITH A MANUSCRIPT.)

BY B. SIMMONS, ESQ.

In the hush of pale evening remember the stranger
Who watched its sweet star-rise so often with thee!
'Twas the hour we first met when, a mountainward ranger,
I lured thy strayed dove from the tall orchard-tree.

How sweet were the thanks of thy diamond eyes, sending
Delight from the depth of their blackness and tears!
Soft tears of the child with the maiden's blush blending—
The light weeping of dawn as red morning appears.

Still verdant in Memory's lone dreams be the valley
That owned naught less holy than thee and thy bird;
Where so oft, like a rivulet's musical sally,
Thy hymns the green heart of the wilderness stirred.

June's rose-laden wings the fair earth are enfolding,
All wide as the distance that severs us now;
But my spirit each twilight sits by thee beholding
Where the winds through the chestnuts are blessing thy brow.

I send thee the wild and the passionate dreamings
Of him whose dark lot may not mingle with thine;—
As soon may the spring's early perfume and gleamings
With the gloom-followed flash of fierce summer combine.

White Fawn of the Forest! still bound in thy beauty,
Through glades where the hunter's hot step may not come!
Springing gracefully shy from the garlands that Duty
And Love would fling round thy bright feet as they roam.

1834.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE

PORTRAIT OF MRS. VERSCHOYLE.

BY JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

To shun the Syren's joint attacks,
Ulysses, ocean ranger,
Sealed his companions' ears with wax,
And thus escaped the danger.
Bound to the mast, himself, in vain
He strove to hear their chorus:
The deafened sailors ploughed the main,
And rounded Cape Pelorus.

Had you sung there, to win the prize
By all the Muses cherish'd,
(Had he not bound his sailors' eyes),
The subtle Greek had perish'd.
That face—that voice—all tastes must suit,
O'er all enchantment flinging:
You fascinate our eyes, when mute,
And charm our ears, when singing.

Mrs Woodcroyde

SYBIL CRAVEN,

A TALE OF CLERICAL LOVE.

> " I know not if this tale be true,
> But thus the simple facts are stated;
> And I refer their truth to you,
> Since Love and you are near related."

SOME few years ago, on an evening in the latter part of summer, a personage drove into the town of Canterbury, after having been confined, for the greater part of the day, to the miseries of a hack-chaise. As he sauntered from his conveyance to the room which awaited him, it was not difficult to determine that he possessed the appearance of a gentleman in every respect, and the habits of one accustomed to mix with equals in birth and education rather than with superiors; and the cold, chilling manner, in which he put an end to the officiousness of his host and the supernumeraries of the establishment, was sufficient to prove to the observer that he was one of those whose thoughts are examined and re-examined, and often scrutinised, before being made known to any but intimates and friends.

He dined, and threw himself on the sofa with a book; but the journey had rendered him unquiet. The evening was calm and glowing; there were no sounds to disturb the peaceful rest of nature; all was

soft and languid; and he himself partook of this languor, for he threw aside the book with an expression of impatience, and, taking up his hat, walked out into the evening air. He would have given much to have been alone — but, somehow or other, the whole town seemed in motion; there was no escaping from it. In all directions he met smiling faces — ruddy-cheeked damsels, with their rustic beaux, trudging merrily along — the very antipodes of our quiet-hunter.

"Something must be going on, surely, to account for all this," said he; "and why should I not be pleased with what pleases others? — better that, than solitary moping."

Suppose, now, that my reader learn from his own hand the amusements of the period to which we refer.

GODFREY TREVELYAN TO FRANCIS LUMLEY.

"Dear Frank, — We never yet differed on the pleasures of a country life; yet I find myself on the point of telling you how glad I am to be here rather than in the noisy metropolis. Both have their charms, I dare say; but the small fry of society get on better in the latter than in the former — they are not so thrown on themselves. * * * * * A thinking life is surely more pleasing than an acting one: perhaps it is too enticing. We want something to keep us moving, or our thinking degenerates into dozing, our dozing into sleep; and we pass a life of self-deceit and uselessness. This is a good subject for us to argue about; for argument is life to us. I went to the theatre last night, to see a new actress.

Such a lovely creature I never saw; one almost wonders how she could ever become an actress! Indeed, she is but a poor one; for she was so frightened that she forgot all her part, and made some terrible blunders; yet with such grace, and with such unaffected simplicity, that even my rustic neighbours were induced to be lenient. I soon left the place, for I was quite taken up with her appearance, and did not like to be seen gazing on her so intently. She is tall and slender, fair, with rich chestnut ringlets lying on her neck: her eyes, from where I sat, appeared to be of the dark undecided colour I so much admire, with long, dark lashes to shade them. I have no notion who or what she is: but she plays to-morrow again, when I shall, I think, attend. I like this place well enough, and this poor girl has made me thoughtful. I wish I had you to chat with me. Will you come?

"Yours, GODFREY TREVELYAN."

I learned, from further epistles, that Godfrey became a constant attendant upon the performances of the unknown actress; still an admirer of her beauty, but yet more of her bearing in her public character, and of the marked difference between herself and her fellow companions. I have a large pile of letters before me, detailing many trifles which a quick observation had detected and applied to strengthen the opinion he had formed at first; and I could not but observe, with some regret, that his allusions were more frequent, his remarks more impassioned, and his enthusiasm more awakened, than was exactly consonant

with the profession he had adopted; — for I must now inform my readers that our friend was newly ordained, and was seeking for some change of scene, and such relaxation as would give him health for the task he had just assumed. I closed my lecture with a passage which is well known, I dare say, to those acquainted with the works of the greatest living poet.

"Enough of rosebud lips, and eyes
Like harebells bathed in dew;
Of cheek that with carnation vies,
And veins of violet hue:
Earth wants not beauty, that may scorn
A likening to frail flowers;
Yea, to the stars, if they were born,
For seasons and for hours."

But, as I had now shewn myself openly in opposition, so I had to expect a most vigorous attack from my opponent; for he was the very last person to conceal his opinions, or to assume a character which was not his own in every tittle.

"Well, my kind adviser," he replied, "I shall meet your quotation with another, dug from the same rich mine, too, and which answers you very well; at all events, I don't think you can object to it.

'Sweet is the love which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect.'

Now, you never read four lines that were more pregnant with truth than these; and the nature of them will tell you, as I doubt not very clearly, the state of my own heart, and the reason they have been thus remembered and thus applied: I never suspected that I was half so struck with this Miss Warren, until a little incident — romantic perhaps you will say, but quite true — brought me personally into contact with her. It rained, you may know, the other day; — well, I left the theatre with a slight headach, and, when I got into the open air, I found it so fresh and so tempting, that, notwithstanding it was not yet dry, I determined to stroll on till my head should become clear, and I became more inclined to dismiss my thoughts and go to bed. Well, I kept on my course for some time, without observing any one to be near me; but, as I came to a cross street, I was startled by seeing a heavy clodpole — who had been drinking in some house or other, blunder out, half drunk, and upset a woman, whom, with a more elderly companion, I now perceived to be in front of me. The woman fell, with a faint cry of pain and fright; and when I got up to her, I found her unable to rise unassisted, as she had managed in her fall to sprain her ankle. You may guess that I was not a little surprised when I found that I had raised from the ground my beautiful actress. I suspect that I shewed my surprise; for she looked down the moment our eyes met, and, turning to her companion, whom, by the bye, she addressed as 'Mamma,' — assured her that she was not hurt; though the silent tears and trembling

hand did not quite bear out her assurance. I saw her safely home, for much she needed assistance; and, when I took my leave of them at the door of their cottage, which is on the outskirts of the town, they thanked me so heartily, so simply, but with such an unexpected ease, that I will confess I continued my walk much longer than I had ever intended."

I think that the last letter from which I have gathered the events of this period, was sufficient to tell me, or any one else, what was going on. I dare say that I took the matter more seriously to heart than was necessary, and so wrote more strongly than I was entitled to do, from any knowledge I had personally.

"Frank," he says, "if you will come here, and see the subject of our discussion, well and good, I'll talk with you; but you are in the dark just now, and I shall not give you any credit for any thing you say until I know that you have any reason on your side. I suppose you could have me believe that the whole is a plot to take away the heart of an unsuspecting lad of six-and-twenty. Part of the plot must be that I was deceived here; was charmed out for a walk on a certain night;—then they plotted to sprain an ankle, by making a fourth party to the plot quite drunk;—and then, somehow or other, they plot to make me fall in love. Please to go and sleep yourself reasonable. Two days after my adventure, I rode past their cottage: she was sitting, or rather lying, so as to support her foot, reading to mamma, who was knitting. I dis-

mounted to make my inquiries, and the cheek of my beauty was crimsoned; a large straw hat was carelessly thrown on her head, and I declare I never saw such a lovely woman. Her mother calls her Sybil,—Sybil *Warren* won't do, any more than Titus Pomponius Smith. Well, now suppose, after all, that she should turn out to be somebody—how I shall laugh at you! I never thought of this before, but since I have got the idea, I shall see and observe more closely. I have called regularly since then, you must know, and am far from changing my opinion. Do manage to come to me."

But I did not go to him, for I had, or fancied that I had, more engaging pursuits to demand my time, than a long journey to scrutinise another man's lady-love. We scrutinised at a distance, we argued on paper, in black and white, with as much eagerness as though we had been any two churchmen arguing on a point of observance, or an omission of discipline.

"*The emptiest truisms are blown up into illustrious bubbles by help of film and inflation,*" he writes to me on one occasion; "and, though I do not accuse you of any determination to run into this fault, you cannot well help yourself, inasmuch as you are arguing with me about what I don't deny. You build houses with cards, for the very pleasure of upsetting them with a breath. Your arguments are, I dare say, very good, but inapplicable; that is their only fault.

"You would have me allow that Sybil and her mother are schemers and unprincipled, but you forgot that I can shew you many a little trifling action, many

an opinion so contrary to all your notions, that I am sure you could not reconcile them if you wished. Honour and dishonour do not hunt in couples;—affection for me, and a design to deceive me, are not likely to exist in the same heart. People seldom become villains to please others with a shew of good qualities; indeed, I doubt if they can; yet this is what you would have me agree to. But let us not be eternally battling—neither party will gain a victory, I know. During the time occupied by my last series of letters to you, I have been a more frequent visitor at the cottage,—not *more* frequent, perhaps, to confess the truth, for I had hardly missed a day before; and as I have managed to tell 'mamma' who and what I am, I have had the less trouble in proving to them that my attention is honourable and direct, and the less trouble in becoming gradually more intimate. Jesse, you know, will bear a side saddle—my cousin used to ride her at home—and Sybil has so been enabled to use her, while 'mamma' and I walk: and I can assure you, that the fall was by no means slight, but one that has rendered the greatest attention very necessary. Now, she is much improved, and I have ventured to do more than bow, and leave them at the threshold; I have ventured across the Rubicon, and have received from the hands of my own Sybil—for I am sure she is my own—'the cup that cheers, but not inebriates,' in one of the sweetest-scented parlours that a profusion of honeysuckles and jessamines could produce."

"Well, Master Trevelyan, it is thus that you are

engaged—is it?—A pretty change of scene truly—the admirer and attendant of a beautiful actress, who sprains her ankle in a muddy street!—you must be attacked on some other score!"

"Well, Frank," he answers me, "even there I am ready to oppose you; you dread early and imprudent marriages, '*liaisons*,' as you call them, though I think you might have written in English; for though the word may be very useful in its native place, it does not suit our customs and notions. The noblest characters with which we are acquainted, the most imaginative, the most sensitive, the most delicate-minded, are those who of all others have been prone to indulge in the feelings for which you attack me. The more lofty and exalted these notions, so much the warmer is their attachment and their constancy. There is a a risk in early marriages, it is true; but there is a risk in all things. Every union with another must add to our cares, and put an end to a certain class of pleasures and pursuits peculiarly captivating to the world; but I deny that they have such charms for me, and I assert that such a mode of life brings with its cares a series of domestic pleasures and comforts that are enjoyed in secret, and for ever, which are unknown, unthought of, by the herd,—a state of being which is evidently necessary, and intentional, could never have been instituted for us, so as to deprive us of our comforts and the blessings of our lives. I will admit that we oftener love a fanciful creation than any reality, but the error is in our own judgment, not in the institution; and when I consider the feelings with which

the couple who have passed a well spent life must look back to the time when they were united by their own choice. I turn loathing from the system of matrimonial angling which I see daily exercising the craft, and sharpening the anxieties, of those harpies—mothers with daughters of a certain age."

As Godfrey's intimacy had increased, he had learned new beauties, new sources of pleasure, and new incentives to curiosity, concerning the real nature of his heroine. In one corner of their little room there was a harp, on which, after a time, he had persuaded her to play, in the soft twilight of the summer evening; and though the voice of the songstress often trembled and faltered, and though she often stopped abruptly and in confusion — yet he could have listened for ever, and was often rallied for the silence which succeeded her efforts to oblige him. There were books, too, all containing the mysterious signature, "Sybil," in the fly-leaf, and now and then his eye would rest on translations of particular passages, which, as they fell from the opened leaves, were hastily and with confusion gathered up by their blushing author. What a life for our theorist was this! "Sentiment," says a distinguished author, "is a part of woman's nature, but of man's intellect." What an array, then, had he to combat with! — for Sybil's sentiment was as much a part of her intellect as of her nature, and had been too delicately polished and chastened, by her education and feelings, for her not to be keenly alive to the similarity which she perceived to exist in the nature of her admirer, Godfrey. A thousand trifles told volumes to the con-

sciences of both of them,—a thousand little incidents that would not have struck any one were to them sure indexes of their own, and of each other's feelings. If Trevelyan found for her the song he wished her to sing, or the book they required in the current of their conversation, her long eyelashes hid for a time her soft and violet eye, lest it should betray the commotion that was going on within;—if he forestalled her at any time in her constant attentions to her ailing parent, the slight blush which accompanied her thanks pleased him more than the sweetest smile from the noblest beauty he had ever interchanged civilities with. And when Sybil would now and then pat the silken neck of the petted horse that waited patiently for her master, he could fancy that Jesse even was proud of the distinction, and took from the hands of so fair an attendant her little offerings of food with more than her customary caution.

So passed some weeks of this well remembered summer. On a beautiful evening, which proved to be big with his fate, according to his usual habit, he took up his hat, and strolled out to watch the sun sink, and to wander with a favourite volume, till the surrounding scenery gave additional force and beauty to the descriptions it contained. The air had become cool, and the long twilight had commenced, before he thought of retiring home; for, like all who think as they wander, he had gone further than he intended. He turned, however, and struck into a lane that seemed to lead towards home, when, to his astonishment, he encountered Sybil, hurrying on,

disordered and frightened. As she suddenly met him, she started, and would have turned; but he hastened to her, assured her by his voice, and dispelled, at least, her dread of meeting with a strange man in her unprotected and lone situation. It required all his care and attention to restore her self-possession, for, like him, she had wandered out, for the first time, to enjoy the delicious evening—had been frightened and pursued by the horned sultan of some neighbouring herds, till she had lost her way, and had wandered, more and more alarmed, in search of some road home, till her meeting suddenly with Godfrey had well nigh destroyed the little strength she had left. Now, however, whatever else she might feel, she knew that she was in safety, and her heart no longer beat thick and fast, as her fears became more oppressive.

"Sybil, we have some distance to go," said her companion; "but I suppose you will trust yourself with me. Never mind that it is getting late and dark; there is an old adage, 'the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,' so you need not fear his being of our party."

Sybil said nothing; poor girl!—for she had never dreamt of being in such a situation as this, and of all men in the world with Trevelyan as her guide! Yet it was not fright that flurried her, neither was it shame. What was it, then, good reader? I can but guess, therefore I need not tell you,

They said but little as they proceeded, but they thought the more; and he fancied more than once that a tear had fallen on his arm,—but he could not encounter the eyes of his companion. The past, the

present, and the future, were waging sad war in poor Sybil's heart: there was a desperate tumult, and she trembled more and more, as their silent journey was prolonged. They came to the last gate, one that opened upon the road; and as she turned round in going through it, their eyes met, and told such a tale of concealment and agitation, as it needed no soothsayer to interpret. "Sybil, do you love me?" murmured Godfrey; and though he did not hear from her one word that could tell him she *did*, yet as he folded her unconscious to his bosom, and stole from her his first and most precious kiss, he valued that silence as her consent,—he even fancied that it was designed "that he might rather feel than see the beating of her heart." When the charm that had imposed silence on them was once dissolved, and the indefinable timidity which exists between those who really love was thus put an end to, the numberless questions that sprang to the lips of either party were too numerous, and are of too sacred a nature, to be detailed by the one who is a mere detailer of events. They were just what nature would suggest to two such people in a similar situation: proofs of attachment, and vows of constancy, which it would not be fair in me to repeat; and I shall close this part of my tale in the same words which terminate the description whence I have drawn my own materials.

"She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose,
But look upon her face."

* * * * * *

We left our hero and heroine in the most agreeable situation we could have chosen for them, and we must now hurry on over an interval of time, whose occurrences, even so far as they bear on our narrative, our limits will not allow us to enter on. On the morning after the day on which my friend had made his declaration, a letter came to summon him to London, on business of an urgent nature. He saw Miss Warren for an instant, and was on his road to town a minute afterwards as fast as four horses could whirl him there. Those, however, who were to have been waiting for him, were not in readiness, and one delay led to another,—so that instead of being absent only three days, it was three weeks before he could get away. I need hardly add, that, the moment he was free, he retraced the same road, in a more reflective, and less splenetic mood, than we endeavoured to describe on his first journey. But, like all lovers, he was doomed to be disappointed; for he learned, on arriving, that the inmates of the cottage had left the town about a week before, in great haste, and had gone no one knew whither!

What a change was worked in the tone of my next communication from the country-quarters of my friend!

"*How often is the rose plucked from the forehead of a virtuous love, to plant a blister there!*"—is the opening remark. "I am marvellously upset," he continues. "I can see nothing, hear nothing, of Sybil; I don't know whether to stay or go—I don't know where to go to, that's more; all that I can find

out is, that she and her mother went off late one night, no one knows where, without saying that they would or would not return. How true is the remark that 'Welcome our smiles, and Farewell goes out sighing!' I know, my good friend, that you are not sorry for my misfortune."

* * * * * *

For once, Godfrey judged me wrongly:—I was at once interested, and annoyed, by the mischance which attended my old companion's first passion. When we met in London, shortly after this letter, as I listened to the glowing praises of Sybil that flowed from him with a species of melancholy foreboding, I learnt enough to become an admirer of the singular person he had become acquainted with. I had thus but one means of consolation left, and that was, to endeavour to make it evident to him and myself that it was more natural for a proud and sensitive girl to have acted as she had done, than to have adopted any other course. Could she have left a note for you, who had so unceremoniously left her — could she say to you, "Follow me!" and yet have all that dignity and womanly pride you love her for? Time will make all right. "*The man shall have his mare again, and all again be well.*" * * * *

My suggestions, however, were made in vain — to give advice, indeed, is one thing — to follow it another: I had the easier task. Godfrey left town some time after, and proceeded to his curacy; and when I went to see him in his retirement, I fancied that his line of

studies, and his habits of application, and love of literature, had banished all remembrance of the beauty from him. I had miserably wronged him; he was pale and thoughtful: but then his life of quiet seclusion might be the cause. No: in that also I was wrong.

Sighing, as thro' the shadowy past,
Like a tomb searcher, memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that time had cast
O'er buried hopes, he thus began:

"Since you lead me to that subject, Frank, I will bring myself to speak on it, otherwise I should never have opened so painful a number of recollections. You think me changed; I know you do—I see it—and you are right. I have found it necessary to substitute new channels of thought, and to subject myself to numberless restrictions, to get the better of that one feeling of disappointment which preys on me whenever I give way. I look round me often, with an aching heart, to think that I have not her to consult with, to meditate with; that I cannot explain to her my plans—cannot have from her that sweetest of all incitements to go on—the approval of those we love. Trifles like these make me monkish, selfish—perhaps peevish; yet I cannot get over them: they haunt me. 'The flattering eye of sleep' is no flatterer to me, I assure you. But you do not know her, Frank, as I do; you cannot feel her thousand beauties, her good sense and quicksighted perception, her noble feelings: all these you have got second-hand."

"My dear friend, never speak to me again on the

subject, or you will certainly undo all I am labouring to effect."

* * * * * *

Twelve months had slipped silently away before Trevelyan was again seen by me. He then came to me early one morning, having, as he said, become worn out with the solitude of his labours, and the nature of his own reflections.

"Shall we go and hear Artaxerxes, Godfrey?" I inquired, after dinner. "There is no opera to-night worth listening to."

"Well, I am ready to do any thing you ask me," he answered; "any thing for a change; the greater it is the better. Come, let us move:" and accordingly to the theatre they went.

"Good heavens! how like her!" said Trevelyan, as Mandane commenced.

She sang sweetly, and with the greatest simplicity, the music allotted to her character. There was no need of seeking the beauties of the music, where they existed, among a mass of ornaments and introductions, for her style was unobtrusive, and what would perhaps be called severe. It won its way to favour, however, with all the more certainty; there was a murmur, as she ceased, and a rapturous *encore* from all quarters. She came forward again, if possible, more timidly, and had almost completed her song, when, suddenly ceasing, the slight colour fled from her cheeks, she faltered, and sank down on the stage.

"What can be the matter, Trevelyan?" said I.

"Really, sir, I've no notion at all;" said a little gentleman, whom I found, to my surprise, beside me.

Who does the reader suppose was the little gentleman who answered my query? I know just as little as he does. All I know is, that he was not the person who ought to have been there: where Trevelyan had gone to, I had not the least idea. His exclamation, however, recurred to me; and I at once suspected, as I dare say my reader has, that Mandane was neither more nor less than the identical Sybil of whom I had heard and thought so much.

"Frank, it *is* Sybil!" said Godfrey, as he hurried into my room in the morning, long before I had thought of my breakfast. "It is Sybil; and I have seen her and spoken to her. I'm the happiest man alive. Now do give me some breakfast, while I tell you all about it; for I'm going to call on her this very day, and must leave you soon. 'Oh, the delicious breath true love sends forth, the violet beds not sweeter!'"

I would have given something to have had all those feelings. As soon as that fatal *encore* had been called for, Sybil's eyes met those of our hero, as he sat half doubting the reality of what he saw before him. The recognition was enough for him; and he went at once to the stage-door, and there waited until he could obtain a sight of his long-lost beauty. He saw her for an instant,—but in that instant there were told volumes; and he waited impatiently for the morrow that was to be spent in such close communion, when he was to learn why so much anxiety had been given him, and whether there was another bar to be removed before he could obtain the wished-for word that was all but spoken already.

I need not attempt to describe the meeting of our lovers.

The mystery of Sybil's flight was soon cleared up; and with it there came many little snatches of her history, which rendered her more than ever lovely in the eyes of Godfrey. Her father's health had so suddenly changed for the worse, that she left her engagement at Canterbury, and travelled night and day to reach him, and see him once more alive. It was all that she was able to do; for his broken and shattered energies were unable to stand against the disease, and he lived only to bless his darling and only child.

"You have said, Mr. Trevelyan," she continued, "that you love me; and I would not like to be unable to justify to you the trials—the struggles with my pride that have brought me to the state in which you find me. You find me under an assumed name; for I never liked to disgrace my family by openly avowing myself in such a situation as this. My real name is Craven: we are those very Cravens of Woodleigh of whom, I think, I have heard you speak. Three years ago, we were in the midst of wealth and happiness, and I, Sybil Craven, blushed to sing in my own father's house. My father put confidence in others, assisted them with his money to realise the fine schemes they had brought before him; but he was old and weakly, and trusted them, as old and faithful friends. The schemes failed, and they reaped the only profits, while he was the dupe. The blow was too much for him; to be ruined and deceived broke his heart; and I soon found that I

should never live to see him again any thing but the peevish victim of distress and misery. Well, Godfrey, the rest of our tale you may guess at easily; the creditors carried off all our furniture, and laid hands on every particle that was dear to us. I saved my poor harp and the few books you have seen, my daily companions. My father gave himself up to despair, my mother was too old to seek employment, the world said it was our own fault, and did not pity us. What was I to do, Godfrey, but to try to make some provision for them? I began a school, but I had but one pupil. I was unknown — one scholar could not provide us with a maintenance — I was forced to give that up. I tried to become a governess; but I had not the time to seek out those who wanted such as I should have been. I travelled alone to Canterbury, merely because I heard that there were many families in it, where I should certainly succeed. I tried them all, and failed. All my money was gone — to my mother I had given all that I could raise. I sat down on the step of a door that night, and cried — oh, Godfrey, how I cried — at the prospect before me! It struck me that I might act — I could sing ballads, if nothing else, for it was my favourite amusement, and I had been well taught. I went to the theatre — I told my story as I have told it to you. I dare say I looked wretched and worn, for I had not slept that night, nor tasted food, and my dress was soiled and careless. I begged and prayed for any thing to do, and I succeeded. I tried hard to venture even on the stage; but necessity soon made me take courage, and I schooled my-

self into indifference. Well, and then — ah then — what happened? Why, then I met you, Godfrey!"

My readers will now understand the sudden loss of our heroine, Sybil, for so many months. She had written a note for Trevelyan before she started; but, after a long contest with her proud feelings, she destroyed it, and left a message, which, as we have learned, was never delivered. His silence was, in turn, a matter of surprise and regret to her: she at once concluded that she was forgotten and given up, and she had done the best to forget the love she had thrown away, as she feared, till her sudden meeting with the lost lover, which had the consequences we have just related.

"Pray," said I to Trevelyan, as we sat at dinner that day, "do you remember a certain apophthegm of Fuller's, which you were once very fond of repeating to me? I wonder that you have not thought of it now. '*He best bowls at the mark of his own contentment, who, besides the aim of his own eye, is directed by his father, who is to give the ground.*' Such is the advice given to a dutiful son: how are you fulfilling it, who have never said a word to your father about this love-story of yours?"

"That's very true: I'll write by this night's post; but, of course, there can be no objections expected from the people at home."

The letter containing the formidable announcement was accordingly sent off, and the usual time having slipped away, back there came a packet, sealed with the family seal, and folded like a despatch from a foreign province, rather than like a letter from a father

to his son. But the contents of the said packet were more startling than any thing else; for, after dark and mysterious hints, it concluded with a most decided assertion, that no marriage with any unheard-of person from so obscure a family would be sanctioned or tolerated.

"The old gentleman won't give the ground, my good fellow," was my remark, "so you'd better go there yourself as fast as you can, and try what your own explanations can effect. Tell the whole story; it must come out, and the sooner it's known the better."

Down he went, post-haste, in a state of despair; for, if his family objected, he had then to contend against the objections of Sybil's mother, whose pride for her family had increased in proportion as her inability increased to maintain its dignity. And, in truth, he could not wonder that there was a demur on the part of a sturdy old English gentleman to see his son — his only son, too, the heir to his property, and, moreover, a clergyman — marry an actress, picked up on a pleasure-jaunt in a county town!

"My dear boy," said his father, as they stood in an oriel window of the library at Girdlestone Hall, "we can see now seven hills, each bearing a name connected with our family; and do you intend to ask me to consent to see such a property as that descend to the children of a girl from a playhouse?"

"Well, but, father, you won't listen to me. I have told you how I met with her; I have told you who and what she is; her family is just as good as yours, if you'd only think so. Here's Lumley has

made every inquiry that his suspicions and anxiety on my account could justify; he is satisfied, and finds that every thing tallies with what I told him months before. He can shew you the very house her father lived in in London!"

"I won't believe it, my dear boy. He thinks he can, but Lumley's a fool! She's just as cunning a jade as ever I heard of. I remember when I was a young man ——"

"Now, pray, father, listen to me, and hear me out. Will you come to town, and see her, and learn for yourself?"

"What, sir! travel all the way to London to see this stage baggage, who has made a fool of you? No, sir, let the jade shift for herself; she'll find friends, I'll warrant; and do you get out of the mess as soon as you like. Now, there's my advice to you, so say no more about it, for my mind's made up. Come, now, there's the luncheon bell."

The baronet had as many quarterings on his arms as would put to shame the shield of any German principality; so that, when once the dignity of the family was assaulted he was inexorable: but his lady was neither so proud of her family nor her estates, as of her son, and in her Godfrey found a more attentive and a more manageable listener. When he detailed, again and again, his love for Sybil—his assurance that there was no deceit, no trick, to lead him astray, nothing to win his love but the pure and soft amiabilities of a woman—he so far prevailed over her scruples as

to make her a weak opponent to his wishes, and she even consented to argue for him.

"Surely, Sir John, you can't think Godfrey would be so very foolish, and careless of his reputation, as to make an offer of his hand, and with all his expectations, too, to any improper character?" said the mother.

"Madam, young men at six-and-twenty are very often damned fools! and if my son's one, I can't help it, I'm only sorry for it; but he shall certainly not make a fool of me, and play the lady's game here, as she has with him."

There was gall and wormwood in all these domestic bickerings that ill suited the impatience of a lover who had just rediscovered his lady fair, after a year's wanderings. So, being tired out, he bade farewell to the paternal roof, and came back to London, far worse in humour than when he left it.

"What am I to say to Sybil is the result of my fortnight's absence?" said Godfrey.

"What can you say, my good fellow? You have but one course open; you may be quite certain that will be the best."

That it was the best, we need hardly doubt. Sybil had told him, before he left London, that she feared it was not likely his family would consent; for she well knew that her position in society put an end at once to all hopes of confidence or belief in the existence of such qualities as would ever incline a man of taste and refinement to seek her as his wife. The op-

position of one family is enough for most people, but the refusal of the one necessarily brought a refusal from the other to consent to the union. Sybil's mother was in no mood to allow her daughter to be taken into a family where she was to be looked down upon; and if the gentleman on the one hand had been decided, he could not be more so than the lady on the other. My advice was, that he should go home and try once more what smooth-tongued persuasion could effect. He was ready to take any one's advice, and he went, but without the least impression having been made upon his father. His mother, however, had become a still warmer ally.

Matters were in this state, and time was running on. Something must be done; Godfrey wrote, he begged, he argued; first on the one side, then on the other; even Sybil's voice and my own joined in the universal outcry for a cessation of hostilities. However, as we found that had no effect, there remained for us only to choose some other course, since my friend could no longer absent himself from his proper home, even to make love. "Now," says my reader, (who is, I hope, interested in what is doing), "I know what is going to happen," and I dare say the guess is a good one.

"What," said I, "Godfrey, is the use of this way of proceeding? To marry, you are determined; why the devil do you so coolly sit down, and wait to be told, then? You are certain of what others discredit; your mind is made up, and you are the prin-

cipal person; you only will be to blame if all does not turn out right. Go away and get married; your own income is quite enough to begin with; present yourselves, man and wife, to your own good family; where, remember, you have already a strong intercessor; and then, depend on it, your choice of Sybil Craven will be looked on rather as a proof of your good judgment, than any thing else. See what Sybil says to my plan. Do you agree? Go to her; if she can be persuaded, off with her: write a letter to me to say what you have done, and leave me to manage the rest."

A dark green chariot, with four posters, made its way up Portland Place, one chilly morning about five o'clock; and as I stood watching it from the end of Weymouth Street, a hand was thrust forth, and waved once—twice—even thrice.

"They're off at last," said I to myself; and, so saying, I made the best of my way home to fortify myself with a breakfast, that I might endure all the work I had before me.

My first visit was to Sybil's mother. A note, left by her daughter, had told her that she had been persuaded to leave her, for a time, in my good keeping: and I needed few arguments to convince her that all was for the best. For it is an easy task, after all, to persuade affection to overlook faults: and who could find much fault with such a daughter, for being over head and ears in love? Thus far my task was completed: and that same day I left London,

the bearer of a despatch which I now give at length, and which ought not to need from me any explanation or any comment:—

"I write to you, my dear father, a suppliant for myself and for another,—inasmuch as, before you read this letter from your self-willed Godfrey, Sybil Craven will be his wife. Listen, then, to us two, begging you not to be the one to mar the bright sunshine which is now, at all events, glancing on a long-cherished attachment; and usher us, we beg, on our joint life with all that fatherly tenderness, and with that fatherly blessing for our well-being, which the poor girl can obtain from you alone. And now allow me, my dear father, to attack, with all respect, your opposition to our marriage. I must think that your objections are the work of time rather than of common sense. Is the grand stumblingblock, after all, the poorness of Sybil's family? for I cannot find any other objection brought forth. Those who pride themselves on ancestry, are looking at the root for the fruits they ought to gather from the branches. Suppose, then, that she is not of any of our old families; what is the loss to me? Virtue, and its accompanying graces, are no more hereditary than a knowledge of languages. We may gather from others what it is that is most likely to lead to happiness; but we must ourselves seek till we find that second self, 'that pledge of more than passing life,' with whom this happiness is to be sought, and through whom it must, in a measure, be obtained. These points must be matters of personal feeling. The anxieties of a parent are, in your case, added

to the prejudices time has strengthened; and you deny that I can have found any one fit to be my partner in the purlieus of a country theatre. See her but once — hear one word from her, and then make your judgment, and let me ask whether what you now condemn in her may not be proofs of a superiority and a temper such as we ought to admire. You have lost the fire that spurs us on, and animates all our opinions and actions with haste and thoughtlessness. But recall it for a time after your judgment has been freely made, and then say — am I right or wrong? Few grow old in the affections and pursuits of youth; hence they doubt the propriety of every youthful fancy they see, in others. As men proceed in life, they work out for themselves new reservoirs of feeling, and they are not ready to administer to the thirsty and tired sojourner one drop of what they have amassed in a lifetime, beset, perhaps, with cares and disappointment. They leave no middle course, but they adopt the mode of argument — 'I say this stone is a leg of mutton, and you must eat it and allow that it is; and, if you don't, you'll be utterly and eternally ruined.' I do not intend to run over all the unheard-of good qualities that Sybil possesses: I am, and must be, a prejudiced judge. All that I ask for is, that you will give me at least a chance of proving what I have so long asserted in vain."

The letter continued longer, but perhaps I need not continue to quote from it. The reading had been often interrupted, and the old gentleman had often

shifted his position, as though the light were sadly insufficient. When he had read it all, he crumpled it up and stuffed it into the furthermost corner of his pocket, as he added, by way of commentary,—"That boy always manages to have his own way, and always manages to shew he's right and I'm wrong. I knew that he'd marry her;—damn him, for perplexing me so about it, when he knew he was determined what to do."

The object of my mission was gained: there was no longer any need, perhaps any wish, for a continuation of our dispute; and I hardly think that the letter, which summoned the runaways to Girdlestone Hall, was read with more pleasure than it was written with. * * * * *

As I have now brought my simple narrative to that usual resting-place for stories of a similar nature, I may be allowed to dismiss it, with a request, addressed to those who are inclined to be over-critical,—that they will not rashly declare it improbable, or that the characters and professions of its principal actors are too dissimilar, to allow of their ever having been so closely connected as I have represented them. It is easier to condemn unscrupulously, than to consider whether the condemnation is not the child of that ill-will and love of detraction, which exists too frequently amongst these minor critics. The character of Godfrey—as I should wish it to be understood—is not a common one, nor one that is usually fallen in with: but there are many able to appreciate and fill up the mere outline herein given; from them, and them only, I do not expect

utter condemnation. The peculiar weakness, and the peculiar strength, which characterise the intellectual power of females, is this,—that it for the most part has its foundation in their affections, and is the more likely to flourish when they are called into co-existence. They go so hand-in-hand together, that though they may be distinguished, they cannot be divided; and the charms of the one are continually taken to throw their lustre on the delicacies of the other. The profession of Trevelyan is the one, of all others, which would render him susceptible of such beauties. Accustomed to give full play to his habits of reflection and imagination, it is not singular that his ideal notions of a woman should find themselves so nearly identical with many points in Sybil's character. Our first loves are almost always more ideal than natural. Godfrey and his love are, perhaps, ideal; so that any objections, on this point, may be done away with; and "the rich purple light of love" may be allowed to be still shed over the lives of the couple from whose history this tale is gathered.

Miss Ellen Turner Brown

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF MISS ELLEN HOME PURVES.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

Bright as the spoils which ample summer showers
  On Indian boughs, to feast her winged rovers;
Pure as the breeze, which stirs those silken flowers,
  Ere the woods' deeper secrets it discovers;
Is not this lady—baffled painter, tell,
Sprung from a line by Nature dowered too well?—
  The sage, above his scrolls ungrateful bending,
Paused, when she came, with laughter in her eye,
Earnest to prove some pleasant fantasy;
  "Ah, me!" he sighed—his thankless labour ending,
"Go, skilful hand! go, cunning brain, to school;
For Beauty is abroad, and how shall Wisdom rule?"

I saw her, where the tide of revellers rolled
  Down the long hall—a bright and joyous river;
And all stood still—the proudest—the most cold—
  Homage of glance and whispered word to give her,
Adding to music under-tones most sweet,
While through the dance, on blithe and dainty feet

She floated by, as artless and unheeding
As when—a graver Hebe—in her bower,
She charmed the day to seem a single hour,
Singing old songs, or gay romances reading:
Well might the worldling find a heart to pray—
"Stand still, old cruel Time! let not *her* bloom decay!"

Then came a poet, weary of his lyre,
Lord, in his dreams, of starry wealth uncounted,
Timid, when 'wake, consumed by strange desire
No fairy could fulfil, so high it mounted;—
Nursing a hoard of scorn, by those unguessed,
Who chose the silent hermit for their jest;
Until that delicate shape of beauty seeing,
Joy o'er his faded brow a smile did fling,
As though a breath of peace, and health, and spring,
Calmed the wild, rebel current of his being;—
"Oh, young and bright!" he cried, "shall I not dare
My last, best lay for thee?—Peace, peace! she is *too* fair!"

CORONATION SONG.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

The throne of Victoria is founded in peace,
Let the air shed around it be pure and serene;
Let ocean her fulness, and earth her increase,
Pour forth at the virginal feet of our Queen.

The garland of empire that circles her brow
Be such as the meekest of maids might adorn;
Fresh roses, and olive, and myrtle, be now
Entwined with the laurel her fathers have worn.

Lament not, O people! that Fate should intrust
The sceptre of might to so tender a hand;
If strength can be gentle, and mercy be just,
How well for the ruler, how well for the land!

Remember the perils that wait upon power,
That madden the wicked, and weaken the wise;
And be joyful that Innocence holds as a dower
What wilful Ambition might claim as a prize.

But if ever her spirit is faint with alarm
At the duties and dangers that shadow the throne,
The faith that is in us shall strengthen her arm,
And the heart of a nation encourage her own.

Secure let the head of Victoria repose,
Undimmed be the midsummer light of her smile;
Let only her favour and trust be with those
Who serve not themselves, but our Queen and our Isle!

ON PRESENTING A YOUNG INVALID WITH A BUNCH OF EARLY VIOLETS.

BY MISS THEODOSIA GARROW.

Take them! they are like thee, frail, frail as the dew of the morning,
Beautiful, sweet, and unstained, dying i' the sunlight of day;
Let not their fleeting perfume breathe, like a sorrowful warning,
Over thine innocent life, ebbing so swiftly away.

Take them! it is my fate to steep my fancies in sadness;
Even my song of delight dies in the stillness of tears:
But thou, all pure as thou art, list to the voices of gladness;
Why should repining, like mine, mingle its spirit with theirs?

Sweet one! life is too short to call up visions of sorrow;
Innocent beings like thee fade with a gentle decay;
E'en the bright death on thy cheek whispers thee hope for the morrow.
Oh, I were heartless indeed, dared I to scare it away!

Take them! even my gifts are not the merry spring flowers,
Smiling through light sparks of rain, giddy and beautiful things!
Nay, they were nurtured in storm; gloomy and desolate hours
Faded these sapphirelike eyes with the chill breath of their wings.

Sweet one! their fate is thine: the couch, whereon they were lying,
Long shall breathe of their scent, telling of spring-time to thee;
And thou, the gentle, the good, leavest behind thee, in dying,
Something of soothing and sweet, something of spring-time to me.

A CHAPTER OF FRAGMENTS.

(BEING A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A PHILOSOPHER.)

* * * * * * *

HERE (if you have no objection) we will leave, for awhile, the regular course of our history; for I am able—luckily, I was about to say—to tell you something of this same Baliol, whom I have just adverted to. Take it, by way of episode. Look, where it is, all written down by "some person or persons unknown," in a clear and somewhat precise hand! You, who are a philosopher, will scarcely object to hear tell of the failings of one of your tribe. The backslidings of a brother sage will make you doubly happy, in the security of your own uprightness. Independently of which, it is sometimes pleasant enough to turn aside from the dusty and fatiguing road, and refresh oneself in some shady recess with a cup of water, or a glance at the hedge-row flowers.

It is thus that the MS. runs;—which, by the way, is not perfect. It is comprised in several slips of paper, and appears to be the result of certain recollections, referring to different periods; or else, if it ever constituted a regular chain of story, some of the links must have been lost.

And now, you must listen graciously: for a tale's (like a jest's) prosperity "*lies in the ear.*"—

I.

At the age of three-and-forty, Baliol was a professor of high reputation. His fame, such as it was, extended beyond the limits of the learned place which he had chosen for his home; and he was not without his admirers in foreign academies. Some of his contemporaries, whose intellectual organs were not adapted to a wide survey of any sort, said, indeed, that Baliol was "too speculative," that he was not "quite orthodox," that he "went too far," &c. &c. and were earnest with him not to introduce "innovations." But these were grave birds of omen, who would fain have settled upon stagnant waters, and have prevented knowledge from ever flowing onward. Baliol was of a more daring spirit; and, venturing upon bold combinations, produced novel and ingenious results.

Baliol—"Old Baliol," as he was sometimes called, by the immature boys who infest the recesses of Oriel and Maudlin—was one of the easiest of men. Absent, careless (both in his manner and his dress), and without precision in his gait, he now and then became a mark for ridicule to the slender-witted things that fluttered about his walk, and whom, had he thought it worth while so to do, he could have dissipated in an instant. So much does the mode or manner of a man determine his popularity with superficial observers. But (besides that, he was well-beloved by his pupils and intimates), there appeared to those who looked deeper, a something at least remarkable

in his broad forehead and glittering eye, which many a midnight study had failed to dim. In truth, he wore his years well and gracefully. He was not precisely such as we figure to ourselves, the "*imberbis Apollo;*" yet his step was firm, — even elastic; and Time, for once honouring wisdom, had forborne to plant a wrinkle on his brow, which was singularly clear and open. We have said that he was an "easy" man; yet there was in him a fierce and unrelenting power of indignation, which things more than usually mean, or oppressive, had been known to raise up. But this had scarcely ever happened,— once — perhaps twice in his quiet life, and was forgotten. He was now, therefore, seen tranquil, unaffected, and easily to be pleased; and was regarded with something like contempt accordingly.

He had dwelt at college for the last five-and-twenty years; scarcely ever leaving it, except for a yearly journey to London, when the death of some collector and the sale of curious books attracted him to a noisy coffee-house in London. Upon these occasions, he was soon satisfied; seeing little indeed beyond the auction-room which held the books that he had come to purchase; unless he happened to diversify his visit by a stroll through Covent Garden, or a peep at the new pantomime. In every case he rejoiced to return, as speedily as possible, to his untiring studies at ——.

Baliol was a learned and an intellectual man: yet Sickness surprised him at last in the midst of his Hellenic researches, and compelled him to try the efficacy of idleness and travel. He was recommended

"to change the scene." This, which is usually a refuge of the last resort, was in his case seasonable counsel; for his physician was honest, and he himself was a tractable patient. He went to Paris, and entered with some curiosity, at least, if not with much spirit, into the amusements before him. The busy congregations which assemble there, to worship the goddess of many shapes,—the "votaries of Pleasure," as our moral treatises call them, attracted his wondering attention. The quick apprehension and ready intellect of the people astonished him, who had drawn his slow and grave conclusions from books and meditation only. The liveliness and amenity of their manners, the grace of their recreations, and the agreeable self-possession of both sexes, surprised and pleased him. He was a wise man, and despised nothing.

Once within the whirl of the busy capital, Baliol was resolved to let nothing pass unseen. The vicious as well as the virtuous formed a subject for his scrutiny. We do not learn to know what a world is breathing and struggling round us, by hiding our heads like the ostrich. We must *dare*—in knowledge as in battle—in order to conquer. Accordingly, Baliol entered into the dens, and hovels, and saloons of Paris. From the lair of the wild beast and the beggar, to the palace of the gamester, he omitted nothing. The dice rattled in his hands, the red and black tables held his gold. He lost, and won, and lost,—with a smile, indeed; yet not with that perfect equanimity which should belong to a philosopher. On the contrary, although the stake was not important,

he felt an increased pulsation about the region of his heart, which told him that all was not as quiet as when he was in company with his ancient books. There was a creeping in his blood, a nervous sensation in his limbs, which were new to him. He had courage to examine the cause; and, satisfied of his danger, he at once abandoned the harlot, Fortune, for ever.

From Paris he journeyed to Rome,—to Naples; coasted the Adriatic; visited Germany. He ascended mountains, and could boast of having stood face to face even with the chamois; of having looked down upon the wild eagle, 'sweeping the mid-air in majestic circles,' from regions of eternal snow.

II.

At length, tired with travel, and discontented even with variety itself (which, after all, never satisfies a masculine ambition), Baliol returned home. His return was, indeed, hastened by the arrival of an express; announcing the death of a relation, by whose intestacy an estate of considerable value devolved on him. On reaching England, his first inclination led him to his old rooms in —— Collëge, where he made a short stay; after which, as a matter of duty, he proceeded to inspect his new estate. It consisted of about 1200 acres of land, in one of the midland counties, and its rental (some 1500*l.* a-year, or thereabouts), when added to his own paternal fortune, and the sum that he had amassed by twenty years' tuition, made him, for a bachelor, a wealthy man.

There was a moderate residence on the estate,

which was known by the name of the Manor House; consisting of a low, irregular building of gray stone, built at different periods. It was neither classic, nor Gothic, nor Saracenic; but one of those doubtful piles (reared by various hands) which are unable to claim alliance with any "order." There was a long hall, traversing the house, and leading from the forecourt to the two large gardens behind, in the first of which (walled all round, and rich in vines and peach-trees,) was a vast grass-plot, having a majestic walnut-tree in the centre, and in other parts two or three mulberry-trees stooping with age. From the windows of the small parlour, which Baliol selected for his ordinary use (a small room opening to the south), he overlooked the gardens, and also the river and grassy valley beyond, from which the pleasant sound of the sheep-bell could easily be heard at evening.

Had Baliol never travelled, it is probable that he might have brought his library hither, and at once have shut himself up amongst his books; but the leisure which he found it necessary to resort to, had turned his thoughts into other channels. Objects presented themselves to his view, which he had never before remembered. The shapes and colours of things forced themselves upon him, and exacted his admiration. He began to discover that there was, in the world wherein he lived, a multitude of things, quite as worthy of his observation as learned books. It seemed almost as though the walls of his study had given way, and let in the vast wonders of nature. His vision became active — excursive. Thoughts,

which had once grown up slowly, and sometimes painfully, amidst abstract subjects, now arose and drew food from the shapes and hues before him. They became more genial; resolving themselves sometimes into an analysis of his own sensations, sometimes into wishes or speculations touching the good and evil of the human world around him. We do not grow benevolent amidst science. Pleasure, whatever may be said of it, does not always confine itself to mere self-indulgence, but wanders out into sympathy,—charity,—heroism, by curious and sometimes imperceptible steps.

Baliol did not abandon his ancient studies; but he followed them moderately, and at intervals. Books of a more amusing character occasionally engrossed him,—the poets, and novelists, and essayists of his own country. He became interested in his fruit-trees; he watched the opening of his flowers. He took into his hands some thirty acres of meadow-land, and became a proprietor of cattle, and a prophet of the weather. His garden especially delighted him; and the books which he took there after breakfast frequently remained unopened, on the rustic table of the arbour. Instead of a sublime conference with Eschylus, he would question Simon, his old gardener, as to the succession of his vegetables, or the well-doing of his espaliers.

The simplicity of a man conversant only with books, sometimes expands into a philosophical admiration over ordinary objects, which they who are familiarised with such things rarely feel. To the

clown, the daisy which he treads upon is no better than a common weed. A weed! Is not a weed as wonderful as a flower, — as wonderful as one of the bright orbs of heaven? The pure, colourless, tasteless water — the infinite air — are they not subjects for gratitude and unbounded wonder? And yet, they pass in the list of common things, for which no thanks are owing. Baliol admired every thing, for every thing was novel to him; and moralised each "into a hundred similes."

III.

The predecessor of Baliol had been a Mr. Stuart, a bachelor. A few years before his death, he had taken into his house a female, and, as it was supposed, her daughter; and by these he had been managed in a manner that excited the disgust of all the squirearchy 'round. From having been a jolly neighbour, fond of his "cheerful glass," a hunter as bold as Nimrod — in a word, a man fit to mate with the merriest at Castle Rackrent—he grew prudent, sober, reserved; and was hated accordingly. Who the widow was whom he had taken as an inmate, was never known; but it was surmised that the girl was related to him; that she was his niece,—or nearer. The question had formed an interesting subject of debate to many a country gossip, but had never been properly solved. It was clear, however, that Mr. Stuart was a man mightily deceived, and oppressed by the ungrateful objects of his bounty. This circumstance was vouched for even by Mr. Snare himself, the attorney, and agent, and factotum of the late misused owner.

Baliol was, therefore, satisfied as to the fact; and he was glad, to say truth, that the two females had quitted the manor-house before he arrived. Whither they had gone, he had not inquired. They had left the scene of their tyranny, and it was well; for Baliol began to feel a something akin to dislike growing up in his breast towards them, and Mr. Snare (who had been once an admirer of Mary Sumner) nourished his antipathy upon all occasions.

Things had gone thus far at the house of Baliol, when, on a bright May morning, whilst he was examining some annotations on one of the Greek plays, his servant entered abruptly and announced that a woman wished to speak with him. Baliol ordered her to be admitted, and she was thereupon ushered in; and, in compliance with a motion of his hand, sat down whilst he proceeded to finish the paragraph that he had been engaged upon. Having done this, he raised his eyes, and saw a small elderly woman gazing steadily upon him. She was dressed poorly, but her face was intelligent and open; and her manner, when he addressed her, beyond that of a common villager.

"You wished to speak with me," Baliol began; "what is it that you are desirous to say?"

"My name is Sumner," answered she.

Baliol's countenance darkened; a frown, an unusual visitor, settled upon his brow, as he replied in a severe tone, "I have heard of your name before. Now for your wish?"

The woman was staggered for a moment at this

reception, but she collected herself without much difficulty.

"For myself, sir, I have nothing to ask; but for another—a young girl—my child—I must do my duty, and ask,—first, if she is not entitled to some benefit under Mr. Stuart's will?"

"He died intestate," said Baliol, shortly.

"But he sent a letter to you, sir, shortly before his death?—recommending this young girl to your care?"

"Never!" was the brief reply.

"God help her, then!" said the woman, rising, and sighing deeply; "for her doom is that of the beggar!"

She courtseyed respectfully to Baliol, and moved to depart; but her step was less firm than when she entered, and she did not readily find the door of the room:—perhaps there were some tears in her eyes.

If the widow was disheartened by the interview, Baliol was greatly dissatisfied. He had taken a grave thing upon trust: he had condemned two persons—females—helpless—penniless, without the semblance of a trial; and now he had been confronted by one of them. Was he satisfied with his judgment? Alas! no. There is in the forehead of Truth, a stamp and a sign, which no forgery can ever master. Imperfectly as we are able to decipher the subtle characters, their effect is undoubted upon us.

"I will see more of these people, before I determine against them," said Baliol to himself; and, following up this resolution, he did not allow a second day to

intervene before he took his way to the widow's cottage.

It was a small and poor dwelling, at the extremity of the village, and had been resorted to as the readiest place for refuge on the death of Mr. Stuart; at which time his *protégées* were ejected, with formal civility, by his agent before mentioned. Baliol knocked against the door, which was opened by his yesterday's visitor. He entered, and beheld a small room, scantily and humbly furnished; with more taste indeed than is usual in the huts of labourers, but scarcely with more magnificence. The widow had been occupied by some household work, which she put down on Baliol's entrance, and, turning round, said to a young girl, whose head hung busily over some needle-work, "Here is Mr. Baliol, my love!"

The girl raised her eyes — large, dark, melancholy eyes — and bent slightly, almost proudly, towards him. He was stung by that grave reproach.

"This is your daughter, Mrs. Sumner?"

"I call her so, sir," was the answer; "but she is my niece. Her mother died at nineteen — she was no more, sir; and left her child (then a few months old) to the mercy of the world."

"Had she no father?" asked Baliol, the spirit of curiosity overcoming his other feelings.

"Did you ever hear of the late Mr. Stuart's elder brother, sir? His name was Ronald. He lived long enough to bring ruin and death upon my poor sister Mary; and then—he was shot through the heart in Spain. My child here is his daughter."

"I am *your* daughter, mother," said the girl rising and folding her arms round her friend: "you have been father and mother to me!"

* * * * *

IV.

From early May to the close of August, is but four little months; yet, in that petty space of time, how many things may be hidden—how much may be won and lost! It was scarcely four months since Baliol had first called at the widow's cottage; yet a great change had taken place in the relation of the parties. The distance which originally had existed between them became lessened, and finally disappeared. Their acquaintance had rapidly matured into intimacy. Baliol found the aunt a sensible and reflecting woman, and the niece—dowered with a thousand charms! Her beauty, if not always obvious to common eyes, was, at least, of a rare order; and her figure,—just entering on womanhood,—was modelled with infinite beauty. Her countenance was serious, — perhaps touched with a tender melancholy; but the painful expression which had clouded her brow formerly, had now worn off, and the large luminous orbs shone full of gratitude and respect upon him. She had become the pupil of the philosopher.

"I scarcely know what I should have done without your songs, Mary," said he; "or your flowers, or your pretty talk."

"You are very good, sir," answered she, "to bear with our ignorance. I am often afraid that we—with

our vulgar wonder at every thing, and our little bits of common knowledge, picked up from the garden or the fields—must appear so insignificant to you. You give us so much, and get so little in return."

Baliol shook his head. "I begin to think," said he, smiling, "that your 'common knowledge,' as you call it, is as good—'faith, almost better, than that which I have wasted my life in gathering. But, be that as it may, I am more than content with the barter."

And so, the man of learning proceeded to cultivate the mind of the village girl; which grew, and expanded, and blossomed out beneath his care. He gave her books, proposed problems, discussed questions of various sorts, and rewarded her, at the conclusion of each lesson, with his applause. She had a quick and healthy intellect, and made swift progress in the art of thinking; and, in the course of no long time, Baliol was anxious that she should even approve his own opinions. Nay, he was desirous that she should not think meanly of his person; and, with this view, he began to pay attention to his dress. This, which is usually set down to the score of vanity, is often, as it was in this case, the result of a feeling akin to modesty. It is an endeavour to eke out, by external ornaments, the deficiency which we imagine to exist in ourselves.

It was impossible not to admire a pupil, at once so lovely and intelligent. Baliol's position was dangerous. It required all the help that he could obtain from Plato and Aristotle, and the rest of his friends

the Greeks, to enable him to meet the peril. Even chain and plate armour are poor defences against the arrows shot from the eye of beauty:—What, then, can be expected from simple books? There is no knowing how far things might have gone, had not Baliol been called suddenly to London. The business was urgent, —no less than the life of a long-tried friend being in jeopardy; and he therefore set out on the instant. "Do not fail to write to me, Mary," said he at parting, "and tell me what progress you make."

* * * * * *

* * * A month after he had left the manor-house, the following letter, addressed to "Stuart Baliol, Esq. London," reached him at his hotel in Brook Street.

"You have been away a long time, my dear master. Is it a month? Yes, it is only a month. Yet, it seems—oh, how much longer!

"You have desired to know what I do in your absence. Sir, I follow carefully all your directions,—as regularly as though you yourself were here. I read the books you pointed out. I try to cultivate my little talents; in order to gain a smile from you on your return.

"I do not know how it is, but the studies which I thought would entirely employ me, and shut out weariness and melancholy, have not had the effect that you foretold. I am not happier than formerly: perhaps, even, I am less content. All this is very ungrateful, my dear master; but your poor pupil is a wayward

child, and has yet many a hard lesson to learn, before she can do credit to your care.

"Dear sir, why do you not come back? And yet, how foolish is such a question! for you may have much still to keep you away. And what can our dull village boast of, to make you amends for the charms and gaieties of London?

"I have nursed the flowers that you admired. Some of them have thriven very much. I wish that you could see them. But the cold weather is near; and they will have withered before you return. I have tried often to recollect if there was any other thing that I could do for you; but I could remember nothing.

"Sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient humble Servant,

"MARY SUMNER."

Baliol read the letter with an eager eye; and the colour had not left his cheek when, on arriving at the conclusion, he laid it softly on the table near him. After a pause, he rose, and took a few turns across the room; and finally seized a book, and began busily to run over its pages. But the subject did not appear attractive; or it did not suit the humour of the moment. He took up the letter again. He bestowed upon it a second and more careful perusal. "She improves in writing," said he. "The letters in 'dear master' are elegantly formed; and some of the phrases, even, are turned prettily enough, for a girl of her condition." Condition!—Ah, that word,—which seems to open an

untraversable space, between the loved and the lover! Oh, if the god Cupid had not his heavenly wings, in what a petty and narrow confine would he not wear out his divine life! —

— It need not be said that Baliol replied, speedily and kindly, to this letter; or that he made ample provision for the comfort of his *protégées*. The letters, however (for there were more than one), never reached their destination. Being sent, with papers of business, to the agent, Snare, they were detained purposely in that person's office, for some time, and were finally lost.

Meantime, the months of autumn rolled heavily on. The winter darkened; and Frost and Rain, those evil ministers, who keep sway over the earth by turns, did not forget the obscure village of H——. Mary Sumner, hitherto full of hope, grew discontented and querulous; and eventually sank into that settled languor, bordering on despondency, which so frequently falls upon the oversanguine and the young. Her kind preceptor and friend had, apparently, forgotten her. Of what use were her books? To what purpose could she cultivate her flowers?—when he who had presided so graciously over her pursuits, and had rewarded her with his approbation, was no longer there?

"He was like a father to you, Mary," said her aunt.

"He was very kind," was the reply.

"I did not think that he would have forgotten us so soon," resumed the elder: "we were foolish to

reckon upon the friendship of a gentleman so much above us."

"We were, indeed, foolish," responded Mary, in a low voice: "but that is now over; and we must look at the world anew."

It is not often that the neglect of fathers occasions so much repining. But the benevolence of Baliol exceeded the common measure; and his pupil had a grateful heart.

In regard to our philosopher, he was sufficiently uncomfortable. That he received no acknowledgment for his bounty did not occur to him; but that he should hear nothing in return to his several letters mortified him deeply. It was this, in all probability, rather than the various causes to which he attributed his stay, that kept him so long in town, after the original motive that had carried him there had ceased to operate. He heard nothing of the widow or her niece; and he forbore to make inquiry. The letters which came occasionally from his agent, referred solely to matters of business. At last, in one of them, he read the following paragraph:—

"By the way, the girl whom you used to notice here, sir, has fallen sick. I understand that she was for some time engaged to a certain young man of this neighbourhood, by name Robert Emerson,—a handsome fellow, and a great vanquisher of women's hearts. He is well to do; but he is too prudent, if I know him rightly, to choose a wife without money. It is not difficult to foresee the termination of this romance."

"Soh!"—said Baliol, when he had finished reading this bitter news; "and this is the cause of her silence! Want of fortune, however, shall not mar her prospects, if she loves this man."

If she loves him,—a brilliant doubt! First, he would satisfy himself on this point, and then let Fate have her way. Should he intrust the management of this delicate inquiry to his agent, Snare? No; he would once more venture within the witch's circle, and force the secret from herself.

V.

With four horses harnessed to his chariot, Baliol was soon at H——. During his journey, indeed, he had leisure to start and run down a hundred speculations. Doubt after doubt arose, and would not disappear before the most strenuous efforts of his reason. Alas, for reason! That great faculty which our wise ones tell us is the all in all here,—before which imagination itself is to pale and finally dissolve,—what can it do, when the state of man is troubled? when fever is within him, or a tempest of accidents around? Does it not almost seem, that in times when it is most wanted, the great faculty of the philosophers is useless?

In the meantime, the carriage flew rapidly along, and Baliol arrived eventually at the manor-house. He was not expected. His own rooms were shut up, half dis-furnished, and redolent of damp. His housekeeper and her colleagues were absent at a village party; his gardener was chirping, cricket-like, at the merry

hearth of the Checquers. No one remained, save a dull country girl, hired or borrowed for the occasion, to "take care" of the property, and defend it from the incursions of strangers.

The evening was delightful; for it had been one of those balmy days of April, in which the Sun and the glistening Showers, contending for mastery, seem to strive which shall do most for their beautiful charge, the Earth. Yet, to Baliol's eyes all looked solitary, lowering, disconsolate. His spirit sank within him; and he felt—as men afflicted by hypochondriasis often do—gloomy and prostrate, before the charming and tranquillising influence of the setting sun.

After intimating that he should sleep at the manor-house that night, he walked forward to the widow's home; entered it unannounced, as he was wont to do; and found himself at once in the presence of her he sought.

She was alone, and was tying up a tress of her glossy hair, which had fallen down. Upon seeing him, she started up. Her mouth, half opened, seemed as though she was about to speak—but she forbore; and, pressing her temples with her hands (which manifestly trembled), she sat down again, in silence. As Baliol gazed upon her, an irresistible feeling of admiration for a thing so fair, stole into his mind, and softened the sternness of his countenance. And, indeed, with her form bent forward so modestly towards him; with her eyes (those "large dark" and once more "melancholy eyes") cast sadly down; and her cheeks flushed

by some powerful emotion; she deserved to have had a painter, equal to the task, to rescue so beautiful a picture from oblivion.

Gradually, the blood faded from her face; and then Baliol had leisure to remark that she must have suffered greatly from illness. She was pale, and thin; far beyond what he had imagined. In his ordinary mood, he would have cursed himself for assailing with a syllable of reproach, a creature so touched by sorrow; but *now*—his own wild disappointed passions intervened, and marred the gentleness of his nature. It was necessary to account for his visit; and therefore—scarcely knowing what he said—he burst at once into the middle of the subject:—

"Soh,—you are in love, Miss Sumner?"

"Sir?" said she, startled, yet somewhat statelily.

"I mean," resumed Baliol, "that you are admired—beloved, by a person of this place; and that your marriage is postponed—abandoned, for want of fortune. Be at ease! *I* am here,—to aid you. I have come hither for that sole purpose. You shall not go to the arms of your husband, a beggar. Your dowry is in my hands; and I am ready to pay it."

The face of the poor villager betrayed wonder; but, after a little pause, she answered,—slowly but tremulously, "Whenever I go—if I *ever* go (an unlikely thing) to the—the home of any man, I shall go—as you say, sir,—just the beggar that I now am."

"Do not use such terms, Mary," said he, reproachfully.

"I follow your words, sir," replied she.

"But this young man," persisted her interrogator, "what is his name?—Robert ———?"

She smiled, when he arrived at the name, almost bitterly. Baliol, who did not notice the quality of the smile, felt irritated at her fancied exultation, and with his breath pent up,—like one bound on a desperate question, implicating life and death,—he retorted on her quickly—"You love him, then?"

"I—*hate* him," said she, with energy. "He has intruded himself upon me; he has insulted me; and now—as it seems—he has belied me."

"So young and so untender?"

said Baliol: yet his eye brightened as he spoke; his hands, which had been clenched and contracted, relaxed; and he breathed once more freely. After a few moments' pause, he rose, opened the window of the cottage, and gazed for a time on the quiet scene before him. "It is a lovely evening," said he: but the tone of his voice was uneven. He was evidently in great agitation—forming rapidly and as rapidly abandoning a variety of plans of conduct. It seemed, however, as if none had satisfied him; for he returned to his seat fuller of embarrassment than before.

"Mary," said he,—and paused. She looked up to him, gently, timidly. "Mary, there is some person whom you love; and—I must know him. Do not deny it," continued he, seeing that she was about to speak, "but hear me. I have a right to be heard; for I have given you, Mary,—as much as a man can give."

"I am most grateful, sir,"—she was proceeding; but he checked her.

"Peace!" said he, with a faint smile. "I do not refer to the poor trifles which you have so kindly accepted,—a part, after all, of my superfluities; but of a thing of more value,—of value, at least, to *me*. I have given you more than you can ever repay, Mary: for the only thing that could have requited me (and it would have done so a thousandfold) you have lavished on another."

"You perplex me, Mr. Baliol," said she: but he took no notice of her observation, and continued—

"You have strewn ashes in my path, Mary. I came here, happy—tranquil at least; and I depart—a melancholy man."

"What is it that you mean, sir?" inquired she. Her eyes expanded; and she spoke anxiously—eagerly.

"I mean," said he, in a voice soft and deep from exceeding tenderness,—"I mean that I *love* you, Mary,—dearly—ay, like my own soul. Am I not a fool to confess this? for, of what avail can it be? Do you not despise me—hate me?"

"Dear sir," said she: but he was absorbed by his feelings, and interrupted her—

"It was weak, indeed,—it was mad—absurd, to dream that you, in the first bloom of life—rich in hope, in youth, in beauty—could neglect those like yourself, and stoop to *me*,—me, a poor bookworm—a recluse, with the weight almost of half a century upon me! I confess it all. Nevertheless, when I am gone—

and I shall soon go—think of me sometimes, Mary,—kindly, if you can——"

He was proceeding in a strain of passionate despair,— no longer struggling to restrain his emotions, but abandoning himself to the power of the passion that consumed him,—when he felt a small soft hand forced gently *within* his own! In an instant the tempest ceased. The Halcyon is not a fable! He turned his eyes upon the fair girl beside him (whose gaze he had till then avoided), and beheld those dark orbs, that he had so often loved to look upon, bent—with an expression which none could mistake—full upon him. A new agitation now assailed him.

"You pity me then, Mary?"

She sighed. "I do not give my hand from pity," said she.

"A word—a word?" petitioned he; and he drew her, not unwilling, near him.

"What more is there to tell?" was her soft answer. "Dear Mr. Baliol, if my love is all that you seek, it has been yours—longer than I dare to tell you!"

"A kiss,
Long as his exile, sweet as his revenge,"

rewarded the proud Roman, as he trod once again within sight of the Capitol. So the kiss which followed the last syllable of the tender villager, told how entirely her lover felt requited for all his troubles past. A few words were not wanting—exclamations of delight—protestations—gratitude—promises of endless, endless love,—from him: from *her*,—murmured

half-distinct sentences (so murmurs the honey-bee),—all full of meaning to the ear of love, but not to be translated to alien spirits.

Besides,—we are true biographers. We will not betray a syllable, detracting from the merit of our hero. A philosopher should not be wholly unveiled to common eyes; but should live—magnified, indeed, yet half hidden, in the misty light of his renown—an object at once of respect and wonder.——

* * * And here, reader, let us leave, to their own retiring happiness, Baliol and his bride. For that they were happy, do not doubt. Above all, do not found your scepticism, if it exist, upon any *disparity* of age or station. The historians of Love have never fully understood their subject;—or, they have traced imperfectly the origin of this the most wonderful of all the passions. Equality may belong to Friendship; but *in*equality constitutes the essence of Love. It is that which marries the strong to the weak,—the rough and courageous soldier to the fair and timid maid. It was that which linked "the lovely lady" to "the Moor,"—the Thane of Cawdor to his awful wife. Some secret sympathy or resemblance there may be, which allies hearts to each other; but there is a dissimilarity or difference also, which is not without its attraction.—Some day or other, when you and I have more leisure than at present, we will try to resolve the problem.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE PORTRAIT RETURNED.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Take back myself! and with it, take back all
My heart's fidelity;—I do regret
That thoughts unkind have held that heart in thrall;
And tears of deep-felt grief mine eyes have wet,
Mourning a cloud should o'er the sky be driven,
To dim the brightness of Affection's heaven!

Take back myself! but yield *me* back each thought,
Each wish, each hope, that once I deemed *were* mine;
Those feelings of the soul, that ne'er were taught
To glow, till warm'd to life and light *by thine!*
Give back the freshness of those trusting hours,
When Love sprang forth, amid Hope's cradling flowers!

Ah, give them back! with all the thrilling joy
I felt in their existence; doubts and fears
Will cross Love's path, and bring to bliss alloy,
And sunniest hours *will* sometimes end in tears:
But still my heart would bear long years of pain,
To feel the rapture of such hours again!

Thou *canst* not give them back! for cold distrust,
Like a dark shade, hath o'er the dial passed
Of our once sunny hearts; henceforth, I must,
Through Memory's gaze, recall what *could* not last:
For, ah! the dew is brushed from off the rose,
And the heart's bloom no second spring-time knows!

Miss Cockayne

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF MISS COCKAYNE.

BY L. E. L.

A DARK-EYED beauty, one on whom the south
  Has lavished loveliness—the red rose stooping,
Has cast its shadow on that small, sweet mouth,
  Whose lip is with its weight of sweetness drooping.

Like the dark hyacinth in the early spring,
  Those long, soft curls in graceful rings descending,
Dark as the feather of the raven's wing,
  With just one touch of golden sunshine blending.

Fair as thou art, a deeper charm is thine—
  So sweet a face inspires a thousand fancies:
The history that we know not we divine,
  And, for thy sake, invent such fair romances.

And give thee fancied names; and say, less bright
  Were they, the heroines of chivalric story,
When ready spears flung round their silver light,
  And Beauty gave the noblest crown to glory.

Such were the eyes that over Surrey cast
  The deep enchantment of his graceful numbers;
What time the lovely vision by him past,
  Of Geraldine, just lulled in magic slumbers.

So soft, so dark the eyes that governed Spain,
When Isabella was the worshipped sovereign,
The crown of gold and pearl could scarce restrain
The raven curls around her forehead hovering.

These are but fancies — thou art of our time,
Of some sweet present home the hope and pleasure:
Not to the past, nor to some foreign clime,
Need we to wander for the English treasure.

Our early flowers are springing at her feet;
Our stars, their watch above, her path are keeping;
Our native words from that young mouth came sweet;
Ours is her laughter—ours her gentle weeping.

Be those dark eyes long ignorant of tears—
Clear be the summer sky that bendeth o'er thee;
Be Hope the planet which thy fate enspheres,
And long and bright the path life spreads before thee.

LINES.

BY THE VISCOUNT JOCELYN.

Though the fond link be broken that bound us together,
Though thy love may grow cold, though thy heart may forget,
The memory of days passed shall haunt me for ever—
In slumber I'll dream I'm beloved by thee yet.

And if that my fancy, illusive, should wander,
As the poor bird, escaped from her prison, may fly,
One thought of thee, dear one! shall bring me back fonder
To that gentle bondage I left with a sigh.

For the heart knows but once the wild fever, the madness,
That passion, like mine, can awake in the soul;
When a smile can give joy, or a frown inflict sadness;
And all yields, O Love! to thy magic control!

I've seen the wild torrents all fearlessly rushing,
And the forest's proud monarchs the rude storm bend low;
But Nature seems tame to the heart that is gushing,
When touched to its depths by the spirit of wo.

Oh! earth, without thee, must be dark, must be cheerless,
For heaven were not heaven, if *thou* wert not there;
And severed, 'gainst all other ills I am fearless —
What arrow can pierce through the shield of despair?

Oh, think of me, loved one! when seas shall divide us;
Bethink that, to save thee one pang of remorse,
I go;—may a spirit from heaven still guide us,
And bless thee for ever, though dark be my course.

Should the cold world blame him from thee who has parted,
Remember, when flying, thy love was his all:
To the rest let him seem the false, proud, or cold-hearted,
So *thou*, his devotion, with pity recall.

LINES.

BY SIR WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, BART.

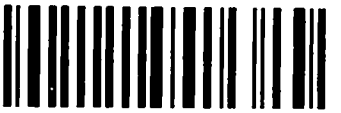
"My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard."
WORDSWORTH.

WHEN, after years of toil and pain,
We greet some well-known spot again,
Where boyhood's years had passed away,
As bright and brief as summer's day;
Where field, and brook, and bush, and tree,
Recall some scene of mirth and glee;
And every flower that woos the blast
Seems fragrant of the happy past,—
We think not on the care, the strife,
The trials of severer life;
The cherished few, who cheered our way,
Now mouldering with their kindred clay,
The loves grown cold, the friendships lost,
The views, the wishes, blighted, cross'd,
Ambition's longings yet unstill'd,
Fond aspirations unfulfill'd,
Hopes, that once seemed of heavenly birth,
But which, scarce form'd, were dashed to earth—
For one short space are all forgot,
Scared by the genius of the spot;

Until, the brief delusion flown,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
And doubly feel the galling chain
That binds us to the world again.
So the poor lark, condemn'd to dwell
A captive in his wiry cell,
When fluttering o'er his sod of green,
Forgets the darkness of the scene,
Extends his wings and carols loud,
As when he clave the morning cloud—
But the delusion lasts not long
That cheats the pris'ner of his song;
Though now so fresh, too soon 'twill pass
The verdure of that sod of grass—
And then the change, how sad 'twill be,
From fancy to reality!
For heaven's expanse, a narrow room;
For sun-lit fields, unchanging gloom;
For social bliss, no mate to cheer
The hour, the day, the month, the year!
Poor bird! like man, thou must fulfil
Thy fate, and pine a captive still!

THE END.

LONDON:—PRINTED BY JAMES MOYES, CASTLE STREET,
LEICESTER SQUARE.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